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CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD;

A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

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CHAPTER I.

THE GRAVE.

"Chip, Chip—I say, come here, Chip."

An Indian woman, tall and gray, sat on a wooded height in the midst of a narrow clearing. The grand hills enclosing one of the most enchanting valley spots in Pennsylvania, rose abruptly on every side, crowned to the summit with lofty trees. It was a wild, high solitude, untrodden by the foot of enterprise. The moss had crept up the trunks of the old oaks whose years had seen generations pass away, and here and there the red berries of the mountain-ash gleamed jewel-like through a more sombre foliage. Peak after peak, with clouds sailing grandly, like great ships freighted with dew, down their green channels, the mountains lifted their brows bare to the sun. Oh! what a glorious sight it was, to one standing there far above the level of common life, watching the crimsoned day departing. But not of this thought the wild, haggish woman, who, out of rude materials, and with ruder implements, was carving what appeared to be a head-stone for a little grave. The clearing, with the exception of a narrow path opening down the hill to the westward, was heavily enclosed with oaks and maples. To the right was the mouth of a cave thick set with scraggy bushes, whose rocky projections covered with moss and furze, struck sharply out from the surrounding greenness. The woman was a picture in herself. She had an Indian face, furrowed with grief or passion. Her cheeks were hollow, giving an unnatural prominence to the bones under the eyes. Startlingly black, the iris of her eye seemed sometimes swimming in fire, for the ball was crossed with red streaks. Her long, ebon locks were partly gathered up, partly falling upon her broad, gaunt shoulders. Her forehead was high, narrow, and seamed with many lines; her lips wore a fierceness in their compressed muscles that seemed ever ready to spring out and fasten upon an enemy; and just now she seemed to have fallen into a demoniac mood peculiar to her whenever overcome by any strong emotion. Her dress was of some dark and stiff texture, very scant, badly made, and not quite cleanly. Her complexion was the sunny, olive-cast of an Indian.

"Chip, Chip, I say," she cried again, suspending her work and bending towards the opening of the cave, "come here, child—better come quick."

By this time, a child, with a face of unearthly whiteness, bleached by the absence of sun and light, appeared at the aperture. Her neck was of such tenuity that it looked like a reed, and her little hands and arms were thin and almost unnaturally long. Her yellow hair was so extremely fine and free from moisture, that it hung about her like spray goldened by the sun. Energy, expression, life itself seemed void in her diminutive face. She looked like a bulb dug up from the earth before it has put out a single shoot of vitality. Her large, lack-lustre eyes floated lonely in wide, hollow sockets, and her fine mouth was beautifully curved, lifted uneasily as the imperious voice of the old woman ceased.

"Come here and see what I'm making;" said the latter, harshly, and the child drew near; "do you see? it's a tombstone."

"A tombstone," repeated the child, mechanically; not with the eagerness of inquiry.

"Yes, a tombstone, and, you, poor little fool, if you could read, you'd see your own name upon it—Chip Nobody, aged eleven."

The child gave a most unchildish sigh, and looked steadily at the old woman, though the look was that of the somnambulist dreaming of real things.

"Now," said the old woman, garrulously, "I'm going to make believe you are dead and buried. I'm going to put you in that hole, see;" she pointed to a cavity she had made, which was the receptacle of a queer looking bag filled with bones—"now, that's you," she added, with a wild laugh, "remember, you're dead, and come to dust, and now I shall cover you up. There!" she exclaimed, stamping upon the little mound with a gesture almost of fury, "I've put over you; put the mould of an accursed race over your bones, and there you lie; and *he* shall howl and howl, while you will be *worse* than dead." Then changing her manner she said, assuming a look of fear—"there are the flaming eyes, run, Chip, run!" Before the words were scarcely uttered, the child fled with a shriek of terror that echoed among the hill-tops, and the old woman, with a mocking laugh, bent down to adjust the head-stone over the apparent grave. This done, she glanced about uneasily, muttering "the storm is coming; the breath of the evening is warm close to the ground—the sky is copper-colored where the sun is going down, the crows fly in among the tops of the trees in the valley—the white moon is in a ring; it will rain, blow and destroy. I will set out on my journey, or this young one will starve." So saying she stooped down to the aperture, entered, and the bushes close and disappeared.

CHAPTER II.

THE TAVERN KITCHEN.

A great pitch-pine fire roared upon the hearth, making the shadows on the walls dance with a jubilant motion. It was an old-time tavern of the counterparts of which are seldom seen, save in some of the back settlements of Pennsylvania. All its smoky timbers and gigantic beams blushed a tawny red, illumined by the cheery fire; and the faces of sundry travellers seated around the great hearth-stone glowed in the rich light. Most of the men were farmers and teamsters from the neighboring towns on their way home; their countenances were indicative of cheerful tempers, but gross feeding and low intellectuality. Before them stood a small round table, plentifully garnished with mugs of home brewed beer, and flanked by a clayey-brown pitcher nearly empty.—Without, the gusty wind ran shivering through the trees, hurtling itself against the small-paned casements, catching at shutters, and puffing occasionally down the broad-mouthed chimney, sending curling clouds of smoke before it. Now it moaned like an old man who sinks in the waters, struggling no longer; now its shrieks were shriller than the eagle's cry, and anon it sobbed like an infant in a troubled dream. It rained dismally, as it had rained all day, and the comfort-loving occupants of the old kitchen hugged themselves with pleasure as they thought of food, warmth, and their security from the tempest. The room was very long and low, and the gleam of the fire, intercepted by the shaggy backwoodsmen, did not reach the entire range, consequently the back part was in dim obscurity; but had one peered closely through the darkness, he would have seen the form of a boy, crouched in a low seat, and drowsing, for his head rested on his folded arms that he had gathered about his knees; he seemed coaxing himself to be warm and comfortable. Along the ceiling hung row after row of stringed apples, dried, wrinkled and yellow; and reversed pyramids of shrivelled onions, interspersed with bunches of dried pumpkin, and brown, woodeny hams, gave the old place a hospitable look, tempting to the appetite of a hungry man. The shadows of the travellers coiled or lengthened along the white-washed walls as the fire sank low on the hearth, or blazed with a broad, white flash up the great mouth of the chimney. There was little need of any other light, but two candles stood on the narrow mantle-shelf, and flared dimly over long, angry, red wicks, revealing at times the face of the ancient clock that had ticked through one century, and whose hour and minute hand pointed at ten—for most of the travellers had been benighted.

"I'M GOING TO PUT YOU IN THAT HOLE, SEE!"

"Well, I s'pose we shall have to be making tracks here, putty soon," said a long, lank personage, whose attitude resembled that of an interrogation point, and as he spoke he ran his fingers through a shock of yellow hair. "As for me," he continued, "I be durned hungry—beant you, Jeemes?"

"Certain I am," responded a thick set man with watery eyes and a nose hooked like the beak of a parrot. "I've rid a matter of thirty miles since twal, and my innards rattle like a dice box—now, boys, stir your stumps, for here comes Masty, short and crusty as ever, I'll be boun'."

A door opened in the centre of the kitchen wall, admitting a dumpy figure with heavy, scarlet arms, bare to the elbow. A huge tea-kettle swung from one broad hand, and from the other dangled an old-fashioned toasting-fork. Going directly up towards the curled figure of the boy, she touched him lightly with her foot, exclaiming, "here, stupid, time you was stirring—laying about here; these men wants their supper, and so, for that matter, do I myself. Go lay on the cloth and the dishes, an be spry about it, or mind, your ears 'll sting for 't." Then advancing to the fire, the men making a passage for her and receiving her welcome presence with coarse jokes, she stirred the coals till the great fireplace roared again, and the sparks flew hither and thither under the strokes of her vigorous arm, lighting on coats and shoes, and crackling out with a cheery snap into the gloom beyond.

"Hi! Masty, you shall have a husband when you're married, my smart girl," said a stout teamster, lighting his blackened pipe, and gazing at her with something of admiration through the smoke that followed his efforts.

"I'll be thankful then if I don't get such a loon as you," responded the girl, saucily, jerking the heavy kettle to the centre of the crane, the water spouting out and sending little jets of steam in her face.

"Whoa!" cried the teamster, "the bit chafes."

"Does it?" replied Mastina, innocently, turning about, "let me see your tongue, and if it's blistered, I'll put a plaster on't."

"Ho, ho, ha, ha!" rang out from the coarse company. The teamster's face grew red, and he took his pipe angrily from his mouth, when the parrot-nose struck him on the knee, saying, "look here, man, save your wit; she's one too many for you; you'll get worsted if you try it with Masty's here; we've all given her up, long ago; she's got the vocabularity, as the parson says, on her tongue's end; so hush, man—take your lashing quietly."

Meanwhile, Masty worked away, "raking the glowing coals to the centre of the hearth, heaping them to the great ash-log. "Here, Nick," she cried to the boy, who was busy at the table, "bring me the split bread out of the pantry."

The boy came hurrying along with a heaping tray full. Mastina inserted one of the thick wheaten slices in the aperture of the fork, saying, as she turned away,

"Here, you man that got *bit* so badly, see that toast doesn't brown too much," and giving him a laughing, roguish glance out of her bright eyes, she left the circle, saying, "now I've given you a *bit* of my tongue, I'll give you another kind of tongue for supper, something that'll be *neater*."

Again the men laughed out, and Mastina flew now in, now out of the circle at the fire, her ready wit showering on all sides, her stout, short arms flashing about like the crimson wings of an industrious flamingo. The table was soon set with substantial fare, and Nick had gone back to his old position. At the ringing of the bell for supper, two persons came from the little parlor—a young, slender youth, and a gaunt, pale Quaker fellow traveller, yet strangers to each other. The latter had his long locks combed smoothly behind his ears, where they rested on the straight collar of his Quaker coat. If nobility of character, integrity of heart, and great resolution combined with a singular simplicity that was almost child-like, were ever delineated by one feature of the human face divine, they were mapped out by the broad, yet not prominent brow of the Quaker preacher. He was in reality an embodiment of his profession, plain, stern, quiet—yet his gravity was tempered with a sweet smile, and his voice was exceedingly beautiful.

Still fell the rain in torrents, and blew the wind with a tempest violence, but, just as the travellers had seated themselves at the table, there came a lull, and a soft, sweet sound like a lute, or a rich organ-note, was distinctly heard outside the old inn. The men looked at one another, and Mastina, with whom the sound appeared to be familiar, laughed a little, exclaiming,

"She's out earlier than usual to-night."

"What does she mean?" asked the stripling, curiously, of an old farmer who sat near him.

"Why, the cave-child," replied the parrot-nose, helping himself enormously to dipped toast; "you see there's a mighty thick woods about two miles from here, mayhap you saw it coming along."

"Yes, I remember, a dismal-looking, swampy place it seemed to be, too, filled with scraggy undergrowth," replied the other, thoughtfully. "And wasn't it there, or coming from that direction we saw that tall, dark woman?" he queried, turning to the Quaker.

"Yes, my friend," replied the preacher.

"Oh! did you see old mother Kurstegan?" asked Mastina, pausing in the act of filling a cup with coffee; "then, bad luck, she'll be here to-night, begging; I wish she'd keep away."

"Aye, but we'll have rare fun with her though—she'll tell all our fortunes, and give us plenty to think about for the next six months," exclaimed the teamster.

"Does thee think that any but God can know the future, young man?" asked the Quaker, sternly."

The farmer stared, open mouthed, at this rebuke, but said nothing. The youth who had before spoken, pondered upon the mystery that had been hinted at by the man with the parrot nose. He was of that age when romance throws its wierd spell over the imagination; when trees have tongues as well as brooks and stones, and every emerald bank of every running river is peopled with fairy-folk. With strange elfish intelligence in his eyes, the parish castaway, Nick, as he sat in his accustomed place, looked up between his hands, a singular smile lighting his handsome but neglected face, whenever mother Kurstegan was mentioned—and then, after a low chuckle, he seemed to sleep again.

CHAPTER III.

THE STRANGER.

"But what do they mean by the cave-child?" asked the young man, Park Dinsmore, turning to the Quaker preacher.

"It is my opinion that they know not themselves," replied the Quaker; "a child was stolen ten years ago from the city of Philadelphia, and died, they say, among these hills; some report that this Indian woman hath made away with her."

"Yes," said a stout Pennsylvania teamster, prefacing his speech with a nasal "hem," "you see in this county there's a powerful lot of wild land and Methodists. Jest two miles south of this there's a big swamp extending over a big lot of country, running, I think it is, jest two miles."

"I've heard of running water, but I never heard of a running swamp," put in Mastina, gravely.

"Oh! you jest hush, gal, I reckon I kin tell my own story," replied the teamster.

"We all know you're a story-teller," retorted the girl, "that's the reason people find it so hard to believe what you say—but don't mind my jerking you off, what did the swamp do after running its two miles?"

While the farmers were laughing at this sally, and at the disconcerted looks of the teamster, a cold, damp wind swept through the room, and the cheery voice of the little landlord was heard vociferating,

"Walk in, sir, walk right in; an awful night, yes, *that* you may say, sir—warm fire here, though, first-rate accommodations for man, not to say beast," cried the fat little landlord, rubbing his hands as he ushered in a tall, splendid figure wrapped in a heavy cloak; and with a great deal more noise and pomp than was agreeable to his plainer guests, and a great deal more parade than was acceptable to the stranger, he placed a chair by the blazing hearth, and then dodged about him, rubbing his hands and bobbing his little bullet-head as he enumerated the delicacies and comforts of his hostelry.

"Have anything you'll be pleased to call for, sir, chicken, ham, tongue—sa'mon—there is pickled eels, there is corn beef—there is—— Masty, my good girl, what is there we *have*'st got?" he asked, turning pomposely, still rubbing his hands, towards the full table.

"We hav'nt any boiled baby, sir," replied the girl readily, causing a tittering from one end of the table to the other.

"What!" exclaimed the landlord, his little red eyes protruding, while the stranger, as he turned his head suddenly to see from whence came this quick reply, displayed a smile on a dark, singular face, irregular in feature, but still eminently handsome when not in repose.

"You asked me what we *didn't* have in the house, and I couldn't think of anything *but* a boiled baby, as we've got most everything else," replied Mastina, demurely.

"He, he, put to her wits you see, house is so full; everything *but* boiled baby—he, he. Have supper here, sir, or in a private room—warmer here, sir—take some time to get the chill off—can set you a separate table just here by the fire, sir."

"That will do," replied the stranger, in a low tone—"look here, landlord, have a good fire prepared, and my chamber well heated, for I shall want to retire soon; these chilling August storms coming before their time have given me an effectual shake," and he drew his cloak closer and shivered.

"Of course you'll have something *hot* right off," said the obsequious little landlord—"Nick, mix some hot brandy and water for this gentleman."

"No, no if you please; I never drink brandy; give me a little ginger in some hot water—that will do."

"You hear the gentleman, Nick;" as the boy turned to go, the stranger bent an inquiring gaze upon him.

"A poor-house boy, sir—took him out of Williamsport poor-house—a peart little fellow—when I lost my negro Sam; but since then, sir, I think he's a little gin out—don't seem so smart and handy—thinks too much—sets still like a stick or a stone, mostly—a strange young 'un, sir."

The traveller said nothing, but with a keen, almost painfully fixed glance, eyed the meagrely clad child now coming towards him with a little tray and a steam-covered tumbler. The boy was thin, and his clothes merely hung together. His complexion was dark, his features regular, with a softness of outline that blended well with the wavy uncurled hair that hung over his gray eyes. He bore the stranger's glance with composure, even returned it with equal interest, and then fell back from the fire, as if it were an unaccustomed or forbidden indulgence to warm his poor limbs by such grateful embers. Meanwhile the stranger drank leisurely, pressing his pale lips together after he had drained the tumbler, and knitting his brows as if lost in painful reflection; and Nick receiving orders to make a fire in the large chamber, walked slowly away with the tray and empty tumbler. When the farmers and hearty yeomen had finished their supper, they drew up again to the fire, this time making a wide circle. For some moments, restraint, caused by the new presence, kept them silent, and the stranger's eyes, after scanning quickly the sun-browned faces, lingered with a longer glance upon the fair young face of Park Dinsmore, finding that refinement in countenance, and grace in bearing, that made him wonder how he became mixed in with the rest. The Quaker preacher, not finding the company congenial, had gone to his own room.

Mastina, who was not a servant, but a half-sister of the landlord, quickly replaced the well-cleared table with finer linen and better fare, then drawing forward a seat she beckoned the stranger to partake, and poured out the tea, scanning his face with good-natured assurance.

"Now, I reckon you'll tell that story about the cave child," exclaimed one of the yeomen, lazily stretching his feet nearer the fire.

At this query the stranger betrayed a startled mien, dropping his spoon, and partly turning his head to listen with more intentness; but apparently controlling himself, he resumed his spoon, and with an abstracted manner discussed the viands placed before him, drank, or rather swallowed at a gulp his cup of tea, his hand trembling as he placed it back—and then complaining of diminished appetite, he arose from the table, and with as careless an air and expression as he could assume, seated himself in the midst of the little company, just as the teamster was saying, "It's a mighty dismal place that part of the country, and there ain't but one pair of feet, I reckon, that knows the way to tramp to it."

Nick, who sat a little back in the gloom, looked up with a quick intelligence lighting his features, instinct with cunning, and making a rapid movement with his fingers, snapped them in the air.

"Who's them? why them's the feet of old Indian mother Kurstegan; hasn't she lived in the heart of that swamp for ten years? and didn't the child live there till she died?"

At this a deadly pallor settled over the stranger's face.

"What proof have you that the child died?" asked another.

"Why! old mother Kurstegan herself told me that she dug the grave with her own hands; besides, I've seen its ghost, which is always to be seen on mooney nights—and the music—there! listen—always goes with it, storm or shine, when old mother Kurstegan is travelling. She's coming here to-night, I'll venture."

"But let's know about the *child*;" said another, for the old man had crossed his knee, and, nursing one heavy foot with his great, brawny hand, was looking musingly into the fire.

"Well," returned the first speaker, "I've heerd she was a love-child, and I've heerd she was born on the high seas in a pirate vessel; and I've heerd worst stories than either about it, but I'll tell you. Did any of you ever hear that old mother Kurstegan was the widder of an English chap—a pretty high chap, too, in the English service?"

A general exclamation of surprise went round.

"Yes, she was *that*; for when she was an Injun-gal in the forest, this young chap was taken by the Injuns, and pinted for to be shot or burned, and this young gal saved his life, consequence of which he carried her off to England, put her into school, give her an edicashun and married her. Well, I've heerd he didn't treat her jest right, and didn't leave nothing to her or the child when he died; so you see the old woman had a hankerin to come over here to her old home, and she became an Injun doctress, and made a heap of money, so that she lived well, *like* folks, and had a house in Philadelphia, and give her young daughter book-larning. Well, that child wa'nt but fourteen, but then she looked a reglar woman grown, when there come along a handsome chap, (such chaps the devil allows to be handsome, I suppose,) and he persuades this gal to run off and pertend to get married; and then this gal goes back and begs her mother to forgive her. But it had crazed the old woman, along with her other troubles, and she cursed her, and struck her and driv her out of the house. Well, nothing more aint heerd of her—hark?"—a soft strain like the sound of an Æolian harp, followed in the lull—"these ten years sence."

The stranger, whose pallor had not abated but rather increased, turned his head uneasily and listened. It was a wild, sad, plaintive strain, and in connection with the rattling storm without, and the melancholy story within, sounded doubly impressive. It certainly was like the voice of a child—now plaintive, now almost joyful. The stranger shuddered and bit his white lip—but the rain poured again, the wind blew, the casements shook and the teamster went on with his story:

"The old woman she grew kind o' crazed, as I said, and was so for a long time; is yet, I reckon. What became of the gal, her darter, I never knew; most likely she died, as such poor, unfortunits generally does; but our *gentleman*, I'd like to whale him with my last whip, got married to a beautiful young lady, they say, and in less than a year they had a little daughter. Well—" here he cleared his throat, turned himself more squarely towards the fire, drew a long blue and yellow handkerchief from the breast-pocket of his shaggy brown jacket, applied it vigorously to his nose, shook himself like an overgrown dog, and glancing carelessly towards the stranger, resumed the story with an air of importance. "Now you see, this mother Kurstegan wants to have her revenge. Who blames her? If a child is stoled, (for if her virtue be gone—what is left?) and the time comes for me to make 'em sting who wrongs me—who's to blame? It's true," he added, with an oracular shake of the head, "the good book says, leave all such things to Him who governs, but then He used to govern the people so't they stoned to death them that did sich things. But that ain't nothing here nor there; I ain't no Christian; I doesn't pretend to be a Christian in the sense I takes of sich things, for my ideas, you see, is this."

"Your ideas!" echoed Mastina, who, as she came from another room with a large armful of wood, had caught the last words, "every body knows you ain't got but two—one is that you are your father's son, the other that you are the son of your father;" and laughing lightly, she threw stick after stick upon the fire, while her sturdy frame shone in a mist of crimson smoke dotted with the glowing sparks that faded as they shot up the black jambs. The old teamster scratched his head; he could never reply to Mastina; his tongue was always glued by her smartness, and he did not relish the laugh that was raised at his expense.

The stranger still sat moveless, shading his forehead and eyes from the red heat; now he spoke abruptly, and his lips scarcely moved as he said,

"Finish your story, my friend, it has interested me."

"I was going on to say," resumed the teamster, with a deprecating look after the retreating figure of Mastina, "that the old woman watched her chance and stole a child. *I* don't know in course *whose* child she stole, but I can guess, and it's reasonable enough to reckon that it was one that would be mightily missed. She took it to some cave among the hills here—where, nobody knows; and how the little critter fared, the Lord only knows, for no human eye that I knows of has seen the old fortune-teller's cave-hut. It's my opinion, and I ain't alone, considering what a witch she is for telling things that come to pass, that the old one helps her, for I've tried more'n a dozen times, in a dozen different places, to keep my footing in that wet woods, and the mud is a'most waist deep, wherever I've been."

"This gentleman is sick," said the young man, Park Dinsmore, springing from his seat.

The stranger did indeed tremble from head to foot, but he controlled his great emotion, whatever had caused it, and moving his chair a little back, said,

"The heat is quite oppressive;" then added, faintly, and in a voice whose steadiness was assumed, "you say the child really died?"

"Some doubt it," exclaimed the parrot nose, eager for a share of the notice appropriated by his garrulous friend, "*I* doubt it; who's to tell? Old mother Kurstegan says so—but sometimes she says she's dead herself—there's no understanding her."

"Why have not the proper authorities seen into this matter?" demanded the stranger, sternly; "shame on you all, to let a poor innocent babe be murdered in the back-woods."

"Who do you spoze would dare to go to the cave-hut?" asked another; "and as to the authorities, they are as much afraid of old mother Kurstegan as they are of their old master, the devil. It's a black thing though but, sir, do you think it any worse to steal a child, than to deceive a woman?"

The question was directly put, but before the stranger's agitation would allow him to answer, some one said,

"Hark! there's old mother Kurstegan herself. Come storm, come witch—now, boys, for fun!"

A stamping and a shrill, sharp voice, like the rattle of a hoof and the yelp of a dog combined, were heard outside the door. The stranger arose with a dignified manner, and beckoned Nick to show him to his room. It was not noticed how faltering were his steps, nor how haggard and white his face had grown; all were looking intensely for the appearance of the wierd-woman whose affairs had monopolized the evening's conversation.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STRANGER'S INTERVIEW WITH NICK.

The boy, with a flickering light in one hand, led the way through a low entry, odorous of baked meats, up a steep, uncarpeted flight of stairs, along through a smaller passage, terminating in one still narrower that diverged to the right, and laying his hand on the latch, threw open the door. The cheery sound of a crackling wood fire, and its bright amber light playing along the whitewashed walls and white hangings of the high-post bedstead, gave the low ceiled room a home-like aspect, and though the windows rattled, and the rain spent its mimic musketry against the glass-panes, the cheerful light and warmth seemed doubly welcome and pleasant by contrast.

"This will do," murmured the stranger, surveying the matted floor, the wide fire-place, the quaint old chairs, and barbarous ornaments of cracked and broken china; "set down the lamp, boy, and hold this portmanteau, while I unlock it."

Nick did as he was told, looking wonderingly into the stranger's face while he performed the office required. The latter stood, his cloak half swaying from his stately figure, gazing absently at him; but as if suddenly recollecting himself, he put the key to the lock, opened it, threw down the portmanteau, and commenced again the study of the boy's features.

"What is your name?" he asked at length, folding his arms over his chest.

"Nick, sir," said the boy, humbly.

"Well, and what else?"

"Nick Poor-house, they call me sometimes, sir; I has no other name."

"How old are you, Nick?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Where were you born?"

"I don't know, sir; I wasn't there," replied the boy, innocently; "I guess nobody don't know; cause they say I was left there in a basket."

"Left where?"

"In the parish work-house, sir; that's where the master took me from."

The latch clicked sharply, and in came the fat, little host, with towels over his arms—shoe-brushes in his hands—while behind him moved the bustling figure of Mastina, bearing her portion as the weaker vessel, in the likeness of a great wooden pail full of water; and as the door closed upon them, a roar of wild laughter swelled up from the kitchen.

"I beg you'll excuse us, sir, me and Masty; we meant to be here before and 'tend to things. Masty, set the water right down there, and open the drawer, my good girl, so." Then turning briskly to the stranger, he added, "won't you have some more wood? won't you have something warm? won't you like a little refreshment, seeing your appetite wasn't much at supper."

"How do you know my appetite wasn't much at supper?" asked the stranger, testily.

"Oh! sir—I—I beg pardon; it was Mastina, sir, not myself, that observed it—you know, Mastina?" he asked, turning coward-like to the girl. "If you would have a cold potted-pigeon now, or veal-pie? got 'em both."

"No, no, nothing at all, I thank you," said the guest, coldly, turning to the fire.

"Hope you'll be comfortable, sir—that's a nice arm-chair—costly concern afore it got worn out like—bought at auction—a bargain, sir, as well as a relict; used to be one of the old Pennsylvania Governors"—another peal of laughter echoed up from the kitchen. "Masty, go down and tell 'em they'll disturb the gentleman," he added, as the girl having righted the chamber, was leaving the room.

"They don't trouble me; they don't disturb me at all," returned the other, impatiently, and evidently wistful for the departure of the garrulous landlord.

"Well, then, Masty, no matter, Masty; the gentleman isn't disturbed—reckon you'll sleep comfortable sir; travelled far?" he asked, his hand still on the latch.

"Some twenty miles, since noon," returned the other—"see that my horse is well rubbed down; and if the storm abates, call me early. What time, or on what day, does the stage go on to the next town?"

"Well, sir, these storms makes 'em perilous, sir, and not to be depended on; it may be here to-morrow, and it mayn't come till next week; it's very perilous indeed, sir, crossing these mountains in such a gale; I presume, sir, this is the equinoxions; come a little afore its time." Then catching sight of Nick crouched up behind the fire place, he exclaimed, "look here, boy, seems to me you're making free on short acquaintance; come along, sir."

"No—I require his services;" said the stranger.

The obsequious little landlord bowed very low and went away slowly, putting his head in again to say that there was really a great deal of noise below stairs; "if the gentleman—"

"It don't signify," repeated the stranger, sternly, and the door was finally shut, and the landlord's steps heard retreating through the passages.

Throwing himself into the old arm-chair which had been wheeled up before the fire, the man sat for a few moments in a fit of abstraction, then turning, his eye fell again on Nick, who still sat doubled up in the position which had become habitual to him, and he called him to loosen or adjust some unimportant part of his toilet, which the boy awkwardly performed, and then stood awaiting further orders.

"So, you don't know anything about yourself?" repeated the man.

"No, sir, only here I be," said the boy with a quick intelligence.

"How long do these storms last in this part of the country? Put your hair back—so; now, look me in the face; how long did you say?"

"Sometimes two days or so, sometimes a week; then we has plenty of folks," repeated the boy.

"And does *this old Indian witch*" (the boy started and looked uneasily towards the door,) "usually travel about in the storm?"

The stranger had allowed his wide cloak to fall over the chair-back, and resting his head on one hand, sat like a king unbending from the cares of state.

"Yes, mother Kurstegan comes in the rain always; she never goes off other times, cause somebody'll maybe find her old hut."

"Did you"—the stranger paused, and his eye grew full, and his brow flushed till the veins stood out, and then, after a very little pause, he ventured again—"did you ever see the little child they were speaking of?"

"Oh, yes, I used to, sometimes, till she died; you see, I got lost once, and was almost starved, when old mother Kurstegan found me and kept me ever so long."

"How did she look, my boy?"

"She was pale; she was a little mite of a thing," replied the boy; "me and old mother Kurstegan is the only one as knows how to git through that place—dreadful ugly place—lots of snakes."

"Will you go there for me, my boy?"

Nick cowered, and his face changed.

"I wouldn't dare!" he said, in frightened accents; "'cause why? she'd turn me into an owl or a wolf; she's done that to folks many a time."

"Fool!" muttered the man. Then suddenly his mood changed, and in a harsh voice he said: "you'll go if I go with you. I'll give you gold; see here!" and he pulled out a handful of sovereigns, and rattled them before the eyes of the boy; "will you go for these?"

"I darsn't! indeed, I darsn't? old mother Kurst is powerful wicked; she'd kill me to once," cried the boy; "I wouldn't go for all the money in the world!"

Louder and louder, vieing with the great gusts without, rolled up the shouts of laughter from the kitchen.

"Stop," said the stranger, as Nick was crouching back into his wonted position; "the old woman tells fortunes, don't she?"

"Yes, great ones," replied the boy; "they calls her a witch—I guess she be, too."

"Well, go down and say to her that a gentleman wants her to tell him his fortune; and show her this," and he thrust a gold piece into the boy's hand.

Nick departed with alacrity; he had felt a vague uneasiness in the presence of this man.—The stranger was left alone with his own thoughts, which, to judge by the expression of his countenance, were none the pleasantest. Very cheerful looked the low, wainscoted chamber, with its brown, broad beams overhead, its scrupulously white half-curtains, its hearth mat made of bits of colored cloth, displaying yellow roses on red stems. Gloriously cheerful it was in contrast to the whirring storm that beat continuously against the windows. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ TAKING A MAN DOWN.—When Bishop Horne took possession of the Episcopal Palace at Norwich in 1791, he turned round upon the steps and exclaimed—"Bless us, bless us! what a multitude of people!" "Oh, my Lord," said a bystander, "this is nothing to the crowd on Friday last to see a man hung!"

☞ As the sword of the best-tempered metal is most flexible; so the truly generous are the most pliant and courteous in their behavior.—*Dr. Thomas Fuller.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of the POST is $2 a year *in advance*—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

The POST is believed to have a larger country circulation than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

The POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of the POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer. Owing, however, to the great and increasing demand for the Paper, those wishing back numbers had better apply as early as possible, our rule being "First come, first served."

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest, are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:—

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the two following novelets, BOTH OF WHICH WILL BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD; A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

An Original Novelet, written for the Post by Mrs. MARY A. DENISON. Author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c

THE WAR TRAIL; A Romance of the War with Mexico,

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

At the close of "Chip," we design commencing one of the following—ALL OF WHICH WILL ALSO BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY AS THEY ARE PUBLISHED, WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

In addition to the above list of contributions we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined:—"Drowned;" "Lenora;" "Song to May." "The Prairie Horse."

INFORMATION WANTED.—Some "young men" in Wyoming, Nebraska Territory, propound the following questions—and want an answer!!

"Is Alice Cary married or single? (!!!)—a resident of what state, and about what age?" (!!!!)

Perhaps Alice Cary will furnish these "young men" with the desired information.

S. Limetown. Respectfully declined.

SUBSCRIBER. Tallahassee. We have not time to examine the back numbers of our paper. Come, or send any one, to our office, and our files are at your service.

C. J. H. Your article is good and true. To succeed in a literary career, one must read, think, write, and publish constantly and perseveringly, against all difficulties and discouragements. The commonest danger to literary eminence is vanity. The author must, of all men, cherish humility and practice self-inspection.—Most young persons of talent are flattered into futility and vacuity. The truest talent is austere, self-forgetful, careless of praise, and plucks its pen from the eagle's wing, not from the peacock's tail.

S. A Gouverneur. We know of no such paper. If we hear of such a one, we will let you know.

A SUBSCRIBER. The "Courrier des Etats Unis" is probably one of the best French papers in this country. It is published in New York city;—its price we do not know.

NELLY. New Carlisle. Respectfully declined. We think you will find it difficult to get compensation for your articles.

WANDERER. Baltimore. Your letter was very pleasant to us, and we render our acknowledgments. The weekly article you mention we respectfully decline—our columns being too much occupied.—Better get the paper from your local agent.

CHESTERFIELD THE YOUNGER will find all he wishes to know, in the work of Chesterfield the elder, which is still good authority on matters of etiquette, allowance being made for the difference of the times. Or, if he wants more modern authority, there is Col. Lonette's "American Gentleman's Guide to Politeness and Fashion," published by Messrs. Derby & Jackson, New York. Natural delicacy, kindness, unselfishness, and regard for the rights, feelings, and comforts of others, are, however, more than all acquired formalities and niceties of conduct, and they will be manifested in manners at once beautiful and original. A man may observe all the rules of etiquette, and yet appear to be conceited, silly, or brutish, because his spirit is so. Let the motive and the heart be right; the manners then cannot fail to be otherwise.

A VISIT TO THE STEAM FRIGATE MINNESOTA.

It is known, or it is not known, to the public that the editorial fraternity finds little time for recreation. We have before pathetically compared ourselves to Sterne's starling, who, as all the readers of "Tristram Shandy" will remember, was caged, and couldn't "get out." But on Thursday, May the twenty-eighth, 1857, in the forenoon—we are particular about the time, because it is an unusual occurrence—the cage-door was left open, and the starling escaped for four mortal hours into the secular spring sunshine. In other words, we took a recess, made up a party, and went to see the great war-steamer—the Minnesota—which is to carry Mr. Wm. B. Reed, our new Minister to China, to the distant shores of Cathay.

It was a gay gang of guides, philosophers and friends that visited the deck of that costly vessel that day. Central among them, stood that majestic personage with whom the people have so intimate and mysterious a connection, who is strange to their eyes but familiar to their minds, as they read each week's paper—the Editor of the Post! A mild and venerable sage—his silver beard descending to his feet—the lines of thought and life upon his reverend visage—"his deep eye laughter-stirred with merriment of kingly pride"—and a broad-brimmed Panama hat shading his capacious brow—so stood he, like Lirgandeo of the Snowy Beard in the Spanish story, or, better still, like the aged philosopher Imlac in *Rasselas*. Around him clustered a group of fair women and brave men—types of his numerous male and female subscribers. Prominent among them "might have been seen," as Mr. G. P. R. James and his imitators would say, the martial figure of An Officer of the North Pacific Exploring Expedition, resplendent in nankeens and navy buttons, the pilot of the party, and the observed of all the feminine observers. To particularize further among the other members of that jocund caravan, would be invidious; and therefore we proceed at once to the main subject.

The tropical heat lay torridly in the Navy Yard, drawing up dense and pungent aromas of dry wood, of pitch and tar, and other balsamic smells. From those odors we sailed away over the weltering waters of the Delaware, our hearts keeping time to the regular roll of the oars in the rowlocks, till at last we saw "a great ship lift its shining sides." Dark-hulled, three-masted, beautiful, wonderful, with all her intricate fairy tracery of rigging, and her yards and spars, and huge central cylinder, boldly outlined against the soft, sunlit sky and clouds—there loomed the large Minnesota. She lay motionless, but swarming with life, in the broad, sultry, basking, weltering tides, with the soft and liberal sunshine all around her, and the great dome and ample circle of the sky about and above, and we felt that this great mass of naval architecture was part of the scene—harmonious with the water and the air. She was a wonder to behold—how much more so when her ponderous bulk is rushing through and crushing down the roaring brine, with the clank and snort of engines, and a plume of smoke trailing from the great funnel over the seething wake of livid foam that stretches away from her stern, and is pushed proudly from her breasting bows! Or think of her with all her canvas spread and bellying to the streaming wind, moving with a majestic motion, and tearing up the blue, undulating ocean into snowy froth and spume, as she goes! This is the art of the nineteenth century. The ancients built statues that only wanted speech, and temples that were silent forms of prayer. We build ships, triumphant and tremendous, that move with the pace of victory over the heaving deep, and are beautiful as the antique statues or the fanes. Perhaps more beautiful; for what can compare, we sometimes ask, with the large, towering, august form of the stately and shapely vessel, as she moves with all her canvas spread aloft and alow—moves through the blowing and shining day, or through the great sacred night of stars, in light, in darkness, or in storms—moves like an Amazonian goddess, calm and gigantic, over the everlasting sea!

On the deck of the Minnesota, were new wonders. Viewed internally these great vessels are as marvellous as they are externally. But description is useless. In our limited space, we could hardly give an account of that interior. Perhaps, too, no words could make our distant readers realize the immense size and solidity of the great ship. The broad deck stretching away from stem to stern, flanked on either side with the heavy bulwarks and the rows of black cannon, and overshadowed with the great, towering mass of spars and cordage; the swarms of men—officers in their uniform, with swords and epaulets, and sailors, some booted, and some barefooted, clad in blue woollen shirts, and loose trowsers—picturesque and stalwart figures, with muscular arms, and bronzed and weather-seamed faces, decorated with various odd styles of whiskers—their manners and movements, free, graphic and nonchalant; these, and the other features of the novel spectacle are hardly to be conveyed adequately by words. An indescribable mingled sense of order, neatness, intricacy, busy movement and discipline, pervades the mind on the deck of the man-of-wars man. Over all prevails another and a clearer sense of power, sharpened and strengthened by the military gleam of the arms, the silent menace of the black cannon, the martial port of the officers, the careless muscular figures of the men, and the colors of the bunting dancing and rippling from the truck. The war-vessel is one of the palpable assurances that America is a power upon earth, and the sight of this white-headed old Commodore who visits the Minnesota while we gaze—he who looked through the acrid powder-cloud from the deck of Old Ironsides while the Guerriere was crashing and breaking like glass amidst the roar of his guns—this sight, we say, makes that assurance doubly sure.

The consul's and captain's apartments were spacious and elegant parlors. Library, sitting-rooms, bed-rooms;—the only wonder about them was that they were on ship-board.

Below decks were strange, vast, dim, low-browed, indescribable places, lit with dull port-holes, intricate as labyrinths, pervaded with a strong, aromatic smell of resinous gums, and full of sailors, some of whom sat on their chests in rows, reading, or sewing, or idle, while others rushed about with agile activity, busied with the affairs of a vessel within a few hours of sailing.—Lower still were stranger and more intricate places, where the strong aromatic smells were stifling—store-rooms, lit with battle-lanterns, narrow passages, rooms crammed with machinery, and all manner of dark, impossible nooks and avenues, the most remarkable of which was the long lane by the great shaft, fifteen feet under water, the sides and ceiling of which were humid with moisture, and the air of which was damp and chill. Wonderful bulk, spaciousness, strength, complexity, order, and novelty everywhere, and everywhere baffling the tongue while satisfying the eye.

This stupendous and splendid vessel cost the round little sum of between eight and nine hundred thousand dollars. Two guns, enormous in themselves, and in the complexity and bulk of the machinery by which they were managed, were on the deck. Each of these cost nine thousand dollars. Does the sense of the magnitude of these sums, help you to arrive at a sense of the magnitude of the Minnesota? Six hundred men throng her decks as she rides the sea. The hum and bustle of their life invade the silence of the central ocean. They are members of an isolated, moving commonwealth—perhaps, a kingdom—governed by peculiar laws, divided into regular grades, ordered by an inflexible discipline. Their ship is a floating system, and its relation to the system that prevails on shore is not in similarity.

Admirable as was the ship, we saw nothing while on board so admirable as the men—nothing so well worth looking at. The convention and the routine of the streets dropped from us as we gazed, and we felt that nothing in art or mechanism can so please and satisfy the mind as a genuine human being. Nothing about this splendid vessel was so curious and interesting as the old sailor, with bare feet and grotesquely curled whiskers, who sat astride a chest, adding up a row of figures on a sheet of paper. The ship, when seen, was seen; but what amount of observation could exhaust the variable aspect of the man, or arrive at the heart of his mystery? Endless, too, was the interest one felt in the picturesque, genuine, unstudied, unaffected garb and manners of the seamen. Etiquette and the parlor had not spoiled them. Their roughness and rudeness of life and speech were better than the conventional tameness and timidity, the pallid decency and bloodless decorum that we acquire in cities. Ground in this social mill, as Tennyson has it, we rub each other's angles down—

"And merge in social form and gloss,
"The picturesque in man and man."

It is different in the robust and freer scenes of life. Sailors, backwoodsmen, farmers, stevedores, mechanics, and such people, satisfy the eye and the soul. The loftiest gentleman is admirable to us for the qualities he has in common with them—for nothing that society and education gave him—only for his inherent manhood, which is also theirs. Thus far in life, we have found our chiefest satisfaction in the common people; and it was with them that the Redeemer—whom the old poet, Thomas Dekker, so quaintly and so beautifully calls "the truest gentleman that ever breathed"—it was with them that He chiefly chose to abide. Not among the "gentlemanly" Pharisees or the erudite Scribes, but among the unlettered fishermen—the coast sailors of Galilee—and the publicans and sinners of Jerusalem, He found his society. He found there what education and social life too often diminish or destroy—manhood and womanhood. Nothing is so beautiful, so interesting, so satisfying as these. Arts, acquirements, arguments, pall upon our sense, and tire us. Manhood and womanhood never tire us. Character never makes us weary. We walk up and down the main street of this great city at promenade hour, when the street is gay with fashion and respectability; but how few figures we meet are as grateful to the eye as the sailors we saw on board the Minnesota—as the men and women we meet on the wharves, in the obscure quarters of the city, on the country roads, in farmhouses and rural places everywhere!

THE NEW CENT.

Our venerated Uncle Samuel has been for some time understood to have had his wits at work at the making of a new nickel cent, intended to take the place of the cumbrous and clumsy copper coin that has hitherto worn out our patience and our pockets, and formed, so to speak, our connecting link with that old Greek time when Lycurgus had all the money made of iron. Sooth to say, our Uncle Samuel's cent, now that it has at last appeared, does not do him so much credit as it might. It is, to be sure, a great practical improvement on the old coin, inasmuch as it is light in weight and convenient in size. Neither do we make a sharp point of the fact that it feels and sounds so unlike metal, that we cannot give it in change without a haunting sense that we have given a button—a consideration which may affect future Sunday droppings in the contribution box. Cæsar's wife, said the dictator, must not only *be* virtuous, but must also *seem* virtuous; and in like manner we say that people may feel that their contributions to that box must not only be coin, but must also seem to be coin. The cents they munificently drop must sound like money, and the light, buttony *thud* of this delusive nickel will never satisfy their ears, nor make them feel that they have benefitted either parish or pagans. Their charity must ring like sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal, and the consequence of this new complexion of the customary current coin they whilome gave, may be to force them to give silver where they gave copper before. Lightly we look of this, however; and all the criticisms we might make on this new cent, melt from our mind, and leave nothing but an accusation against the device that appears upon its surface. On the one side we have the inscription "one cent," surrounded by a nondescript wreath of various unknown vegetables, the names and qualities of which have excited the curiosity of the quid nuncs—those ferocious radicals who continually want to know, you know—and reduced the keenest intellects to despair. What plants are represented in this curious garland, must forever be a theme for inquiry and speculation. The use of language, said Talleyrand, is to conceal thought; and it is possible that this axiom was in the mind of the projector of the device on the new coin, at the time of its conception, and inspired him with the sublime and similar idea to so represent the vegetables in the wreath aforesaid, as to effectually keep from the curious public the knowledge of what vegetables were represented. If this *was* his idea, we can only say that it has been crowned with the most complete success. The mystery may be safely declared impenetrable. But leaving the new coin's relations to the mineral and vegetable kingdoms, we come upon its caricature of the animal. On its opposite side we have the stump of what seems to be a singular fowl, the nature of which, like that of the vegetables in the wreath, is as yet undiscovered and, consequently, unknown. All that is positively certain about it is, that it is a caricature, and various conjectures are afloat in the community as to what particular bird is intended by the travesty. Some say a phœnix, some a roc, others a flying griffin, others again, a double-headed dodo, and some, a boiled goose; while a few daring, speculative spirits suggest that our national eagle at the moment when, according to a popular tradition, "he spread his wings and soared, and soared"—may have been in the eye of the clever, but unprincipled, caricaturist who designed the coin. We need hardly say, however, that we consider this theory extremely improbable. Setting aside the fact that the unhappy fowl that presides over our destinies, and screams in silent blazon upon our national arms, has already had the ill-luck, in the various pictorial delineations of him, to be so maligned, misrepresented and deformed, as to have become the object of that sacred respect due to misfortune, and to have, therefore, secured an immunity from the attacks of caricaturists, hardly less inviolable than is enjoyed by the Father of the Country himself—(whom nobody has burlesqued since the execution of the statue in the Capitol grounds at Washington, where he appears half-naked, with one arm uplifted and extended towards the building in which his coat and breeches are preserved, as though he were pathetically imploring the restoration of those useful garments,)—setting all this aside, we say, there remains the stubborn fact that the device in question bears no more resemblance to the eagle of our ornithological reminiscences than it does to a rhinoceros. Indeed, the more we examine it, the more we are inclined to interrogate the hypothesis that assumes it to be the parody of any bird whatever; though this doubt may be considered unjustifiable when we confess—as we frankly do, that we have not yet settled in our own mind, the position in which the coin ought to be viewed—the dubious character of the representation preventing us from deriving any assistance in this respect from the coin itself,—and that therefore we have not yet adequately determined which is the top or bottom, head or tail, of the device we are discussing!

Seriously, dear Uncle Samuel, what have we done that you revenge yourself on us in this unhandsome manner, striking at us where you know we are tenderest—at our interest in money? Your three cent pieces, beloved Uncle, grieved our souls and soured our tempers, but this one cent piece adds insult to injury. Granted, venerated relative, that your nickel in weight is light, and in size right; but what other merit has it? It is so soft that we can punch holes in it with a bradawl; its softness is so superficially stamped that in three weeks hence the entire coinage will be worn as smooth as a brass button, and that delicious device that decorates its surface will be effaced totally. We grant that the latter circumstance will improve the cent in point of beauty; but then what is the use of having a cent stamped if the stamp is to be speedily obliterated? These things, however, we could more easily forget, great Uncle, than your trifling with a serious thing. Money is a serious thing, esteemed Samuel, and when you make us a new coin you should not stamp it with a comic image, such as that bird is. The vegetable device, we pass by. It is mysterious, but mystery has an element of solemnity, and therefore accords with the gravity of the idea of cash. But the bird—that is not only mysterious; it is comic; it is a caricature of something—we don't know what of course, but that doesn't matter; and drollery in such a connection is really too bad—trifling with a sacred thing, as it were. We have artists enough in this country, dear Uncle, to devise a seriously handsome coin for us; our eagles, our dollars, our quarters and dimes, are all beautiful, and by being beautiful help to dignify the abstract idea of lucre in the concrete form, to our minds. Why then should that idea be degraded by the representation of a funny fowl (if it is a fowl,) on our new cent? Are all the serious designers dead, and only the comic ones left? No, Uncle, it is just your wrong-headedness. You are determined to torment us. For shame, Uncle Samuel, for shame! Look at that noodle-headed nickel, and blush, you bold, bad relative!

THE PICTURES AT THE ACADEMY.

We need hardly remind our city and suburban readers that the annual exhibition of paintings and sculpture at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, is now open, and that a rare collection of pictures and statues may be seen at a very small expense. No pleasure is more innocent and rational than that derived from the contemplation of works of art, and we know of no city in the Union that equals Philadelphia in regard to art and artists. Boston runs naturally to literature, New York to business, and Philadelphia to painting. Sully, Neagle, Weber, Darley, Hamilton, and others of perhaps equal merit, are artists of no common quality, and Philadelphia has produced them all. Some of the finest of their pictures may be seen at this exhibition, about which we may speak more particularly before the season closes.

"THE JOURNAL OF LITERATURE."—We have received several epistles from friends in the country, relative to certain subscriptions which they have sent on to this city, for an alleged weekly paper professing to be the "*Journal of Literature.*"

We are entirely unable to give our respected correspondents any satisfactory information as to the whereabouts of the publishers of the said paper, or as to the paper itself. One of the receipts which has been forwarded to us, has *printed* on it the firm of *A. G. Bryant & Co.*—but who A. G. Bryant & Co. are, is entirely beyond our knowledge.

If we may venture a surmise upon the subject, the "*Journal of Literature*" was issued only for a short period about the first of the year. The publishers probably soon found that the amount of money received would not warrant any further publication—and therefore discontinued their sheet. We suppose that to those who have not received a "fair equivalent" for their money, the whole thing looks very serious—but we confess, for our own part, that we are more amused than either shocked or astonished. Probably at the beginning of another season some other journal or journals will be started to supply the place of the "Journal of Literature," and we advise all the more verdant of our readers, to imitate the example of those who have been writing us these complaining letters. Gentlemen so very much in want of wisdom, should not mind an outlay of two or three dollars a year for the purpose of acquiring it. One or two numbers of a sheet so well adapted to their condition, will teach them more than the whole 52 numbers of THE POST.

HUMILITY.

The loaded bee the lowest flies;
The richest pearl the deepest lies;
The stalk the most replenished
Doth bow the most its modest head;
Thus deep *Humility* we find
The mark of every master mind;
The highest gifted lowliest bends,
The merit meekest condescends,
And shuns the fame that fools adore—
That puff that bids the feather soar.
—*Colton.*

☞ Too much sensibility creates unhappiness; too much insensibility creates crime.

☞ A fop is like a set of new knives and forks—you can't put him to anything useful without taking away all his polish.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring, dying notes
That falls as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly!
And the passionate strain that, deeply going,
Refines the bosom it trembles through,
As the musk wind, over the waters blowing,
Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it, too.
—*Moore.*

☞ Horne Tooke, at Westminster, passed off the honest poulterer his sire, as a "Turkey merchant;" and the sort of spirit that prevails in little societies where young ladies are in supposed social disparity, is well illustrated in the pungent colloquy between the rich brewer's daughter and the daughter of the officer who lived on his pay: "*My* papa," remarked the first young lady, "keeps a carriage." "And *mine*," rejoined the other, "does *not* keep a dray."

☞ Husband—The current expenses of my family have increased very much of late, my love.

Wife (innocently)—Yes, dear, I've been making a great deal of fruit cake, and currants are very high just now.

☞ We start in life with a great stock of wisdom but it grows less the further we go.

☞ "No one, as yet, has exhibited the structure of the *human* kidneys, Vesalius having only examined *them* in dogs," says Hallam, in his "Literature of Europe." "Human kidneys in dogs! Talk of Irish bulls after that!"

New Publications.

GRACIE AMBER. By Mrs. C. W. DENISON. Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

We commence this week a story by Mrs. Denison, which, to those persons unacquainted with the style and quality of her writings, will give an idea of the claims this volume has on their attention. To those who are familiar with her works, it is unnecessary to say more than that it is in her most graphic and picturesque manner.

THE BIBLE AND ASTRONOMY; An Exposition of the Biblical Cosmology and its Relations to Natural Science. By JOHN HENRY KURTZ, D. D. Translated from the German, by T. D. Simonton. Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

A work of celebrity, written with learning and ingenuity. Theologians will find it both valuable and interesting. Its general scope and purpose are described well enough by its title.

SNARLEYYOW.—NEWTON FORSTER. By CAPTAIN MARRYATT. Derby & Jackson, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Two more volumes of Messrs. Derby & Jackson's edition of Marryatt. "Snarleyyow" is the wildest and oddest of his tales. "Newton Forster" has good things in it, but is not one of the best of the series.

DUNSTON TERRACE; Or, The Clue of Life. By the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

A readable novel, domestic in character, English in locality and feeling. It will do to read in some idle hours "in summer, when the days are long."

THE WATCHMAN. By JAMES A. MAITLAND. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

A rather pleasing story, the principal figure in which, Joseph Carter, was well known a few years ago as one of the watchmen in New York.

POEMS BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. D. Appleton & Co. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

Another fairy volume, dressed in blue and gold. No edition of our great American poet comes to us in so beautiful a form as this.

MADELON HAWLEY; Or, The Jesuit and his Victim. A Revelation of Romanism. By William Earle Binder. H. Dayton, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE, illustrated, and HOUSEHOLD WORDS, for June, may be had at Mr. T. B. Peterson's.

A FORGOTTEN HERO.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A month since there appeared in the papers a paragraph worded somewhat as follows:

A NOBLE DEED.—As two men were crossing the river last evening, the boat in which they were sailing was capsized, and sunk. The older of the two, being unable to swim, would certainly have drowned, had it not been for the strenuous exertions of his companion, a young man named Ward, who finally succeeded in saving the man's life, although he himself perished in the effort.

Who remembers the circumstance now? Who, of the many thousands that read the passage, recollects there was ever a man named Ward, who sacrificed his own life to save a comrade's? A few, perhaps, but alas! very, very few.

Most of those who read the paragraph gave it not a second thought. Many looked over the first few lines, and knowing well what was to follow, passed on to the mercantile columns, and were soon absorbed in accounts of the fall of stocks or the rise in cotton.

The heading of the item was quite enough for some; they cared not to read farther, noble deeds not being in their line. To them a well dressed fool was an object of much greater interest than a host of heroes.

Poor Ward! how hard his fate, and yet how much to be envied! No martyr at the stake, no soldier on the field of battle, ever perished more nobly than he. The world may forget him, and consign him to an early grave without a word of commendation, but still he is none the less a hero. Had he been a murderer, had he taken life, as he preserved one, we should have known him better. We should have been told his height then, his dress and appearance. At every turn we should have seen his picture. Songs, novels and histories would have been written about the man, and his every action written down and given to the world. As it is, he was but a quiet hero and heroism of that kind being below par in these days, we forget him.

"The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones."

HIRAM

Woe to the worldly man, whose covetous
Ambition labors to join house to house,
Lay field to field, till the enclosures edge
The plain, girdling a country with one hedge;
They leave no place unbought, no piece of earth
Which they will not engross; making a dearth
Of all inhabitants; until they stand
Unneighbored as unblest within the land.
—*Bishop H*

☞ Afflictions are the same to the soul the plough to the fallow ground, the pruning knife to the vine, and the furnace to the gold.

☞ Punch says: "A brute of a husband one who fancies, when he marries, that he is perfect liberty to treat his wife as if she were better than a street door, on which there nailed the polite request: 'Please to ring knock.'"

☞ Those mammas must regard their daughters as mere dirt, who are desirous of getting them off their hands.

☞ VALUABLE RECIPES.—The following said to be infallible recipes:—For preserving complexion, temperance; for whitening hands, honesty; to remove stains, repentance for improving the sight, observation; a beautiful ring, the home circle; for improving the voice civility; the best companion to the toilet, a will to keep away moths, good society.

☞ SWEARING TO THE TRUTH.—A fellow having been "sworn to the *truth*" of a statement he had made, afterwards confessed that the main part of it was false.

"Did you not swear to the truth of it?" he asked.

"Yes," he replied, "but I did not swear to the *falsehood* of it, and part of it *was* truth."

☞ CAREFUL COOK.—"Bring in the oysters told you to open," said the head of a household growing impatient. "There they are," replied the Irish cook proudly. "It took me a long time to clean them, but I have done it at last and thrown all the nasty insides into the street."

☞ A sharp lawyer's clerk was once asked what was the first thing he would do when he got to bring an action, to which interrogatory he replied, "Ask for £10 on account." It is presumed he passed.

☞ Mrs. Jameson says: "The bread of life is love; the salt of life is work; the sugar of life is poetry; the water of life, faith."

Paris Letter.

DISCIPLINE MUST BE MAINTAINED—A LONG WATCH—THE ENLIGHTENED NINETEENTH CENTURY—SIGNS OF THE TIMES—THE ELOQUENCE OF FIGURES.

PARIS, May 14th, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The Grand Duke Constantine and the Prince of Wassan are still enjoying the splendid hospitalities of the French Court. The brave and handsome General Totleben, who distinguished himself so highly at Silistria, is here in attendance on the Grand Duke, and is the lion of the day. All sorts of stories are told of him, and, among others, how he went, the other day, to make a visit in the Rue St. Honore, leaving a soldier—who served him as valet—at the door. "Stay there till I call you," were the General's laconic directions, as he went in. In a quarter of an hour the General got into the carriage of a friend, and drove off, forgetting the soldier-servant, who remained sitting on the curbstone before the house all the evening, and through the night, and who would probably have sat there until the present moment, had not the police, thinking his conduct suspicious, and being unable to get a word out of him, marched him off, by main force, at two in the morning, and taken him to the lock-up. Fortunately, a Russian Count, who was at a ball near the police office, having learned that a countryman was in trouble, good-humoredly went to the police station to offer his aid as interpreter between the parties; and the poor fellow was at once set at liberty. Next morning he rushed into Totleben's room, flung himself on his knees, praying forgiveness for the breach of "duty" he had been forced to commit by the police.

"I forgive you this time," said the young General, "but take care how you ever venture again to stir from a spot where I have told you to wait till I called you."

So much for Russian passive obedience. The story reminds one of the sentinel that has kept guard for eighty-four years in a lonely spot of the Imperial Gardens at Larskoi-Selo, because Catherine the Great, having seen a moss-rose there which she wished to be kept for her grandson, ordered a sentinel to be placed there to keep any unauthorized hand from plucking it. The Empress, having given the order, forgot the flower. The rose withered, and the bush itself died in the course of time. But no one thought of countermanding the watch; and accordingly, up to the present time, a sentinel paces, night and day, before the lonely bit of green turf, enclosed by a railing, where Catherine had said, nearly a century ago, "Place a sentinel at 500 paces from the Eastern pavilion."

Of the Grand Duke also, stories abound. It is said that when at Toulon, and hearing that an officer of the French marine was to be attached to his staff during his stay in France, he requested that Lieutenant Lavigne might be named to this end. This gentleman commanded an outpost near Perekop; one night, during a fog, he heard a suspicious noise, and went out to reconnoitre with a couple of followers. He had hardly advanced a dozen yards when he met a party of Russian troops advancing to take the post under cover of the fog. Lavigne shouted an alarm, which saved the post, but of course caused him to be at once taken prisoner by the Russians. The present Emperor and the Grand Duke were then in the Russian camp. Lavigne, as a marine officer, was treated with much attention by the latter, and frequently dined at his table. The young officer went to Nice, a fortnight ago, to visit the Grand Duke; and the latter testified his regard for the brave enemy of whom he had made a friend by requesting that this officer might be selected to accompany him in his excursions in France.

But if Constantine Romanoff can make a friend of a foe, as brave men have little difficulty in doing, he can also utter a keen word of reprisals upon occasion. In the dock-yard at Toulon is a large bell, brought from Sebastopol, and waiting to be hung up as a trophy in a church close by. This bell, by the care of the master of the navy-yard, had been covered with sailcloth before the Grand Duke's visit, in order that his eyes might not be vexed with a sight of it. The Grand Duke, who is kept fully informed of everything going on about him by the numerous suite of attendants who accompany him, knew all about this bell, and about its being covered up for his visit. So, when he was in the navy-yard, he expressed his wish to see it, and that in so positive and persistent a manner, that the dock-master at length ordered it to be uncovered. The prince inspected the bell very carefully, and passed on without uttering a word. But, next morning, Admiral Penaud, who commanded the French fleet in the Baltic, was presented to the Grand Duke; and began a little speech by saying, "Prince, I am most happy to have the honor of making your acquaintance"—when Constantine interrupted him:—"My dear Admiral, don't stand upon ceremony with me! *We are old acquaintances; you know I saw you every day for six months at Cronstadt.*"

The Czar is preparing for his visit to Poland, in anticipation of which a number of pardons have been granted to political prisoners. Ninety Lithuanians have been allowed to return to their homes; and twenty-five Siberian exiles have returned to Poland. Meantime, at Saar, in Moravia, an odd thing has come to pass. In old times no Jew was permitted to sleep in that town; those who went there on business, were obliged to quit the town at sundown. In 1848, this prohibition was given up, Jews were allowed to sleep in the town, and before long some sixty Hebrew families took up their abode within its walls. The old law was disregarded, but not legally repealed; and the burgomaster has just taken it upon himself to enforce its observance anew, and has ordered the sixty Jewish families aforesaid to quit the town in fifteen days? And Prussia is the most carefully educated of all the countries blessed with the ministrations of the "schoolmaster!"

While the Jews are thus annoyed by Christians in too many European countries, Jerusalem is threatened, according to the last advices, with a serious row through the violent dissensions that had broken out among the 12,000 Greek pilgrims assembled in that city.

The movement in favor of the union of the three Scandinavian countries (Denmark, Sweden, and Norway,) under one crown, which is propagated with equal zeal in each, is gradually gaining adherents. It is only by such union, say its advocates, that the Scandinavian people can regain their due weight and importance among the brotherhood of nations. At a great banquet just given in Stockholm to M. Schivan, Vice President of the Order of Burgesses, enthusiastic toasts were given to "Scandinavianism." "The day," as said a distinguished orator in his speech on this occasion, "of peace and goodwill; offering its hand to all but especially to Germany, which must, sooner or later, adopt its creed. Germany," continued the speaker, "and the three northern kingdoms have to combat a common enemy; this combat, the grand struggle between Autocracy, and the Liberty of Legality, between darkness and light, will be fought, not on the shores of the Sound or of the Bosphorus, but on the fields of Germany."

The tendency of conquered nationalities to separate themselves from the country into which they have been violently incorporated, which constitutes so striking a characteristic of the present day, is probably destined to work out important results. The distinct recognition of ourself as an individual, with the rights and duties appertaining to individual existence, is the first condition of anything like a true life for human beings, and for nations, which are but larger individuals. And much as we may deplore the egotism, the opposition of interests, and the political and practical complications thence resulting, it is perhaps a necessary step in the career of progress. When Italy, Hungary, Roumania, Poland, Scandinavia—all the various really-distinct nationalities of Europe have arrived at a distinct national existence, and consequently at self-government, and the conditions of a distinct national career, there will then, for the first time, be a possibility of peace and active harmony in the world.

Unfortunately, that "time is not yet." Russia draws seven per cent of her population into her armies; and the other nations, as everybody knows, waste in like manner a large proportion of their people, not to speak of their revenues, which might be so much better expended in other ways.

The late assertions in the "Times," of London, to the effect that the population is diminishing, and the size of the men also, in this country, has given rise to a deal of discussion on the subject. The inordinate abuse of tobacco, the dearness of food, and various other causes, are assigned for this fact; for such it is pretty generally admitted to be. But a fact not generally known, is the *proportional* decrease of population in all the countries of Europe, as results from the statistics collected by M. Moreau de Jounes, in his *Elemens de la Statistique*. Thus, while, except in France and Spain, the population is actually on the increase, the *rate* at which it increases is constantly diminishing. This diminution is, in Germany, of 1-18th in 17 years; in Sweden, 1-9th in 61 years; in Russia, 1-8th in 30 years; in Spain, 1-6th in 30 years; in Denmark, nearly 1-4th in 82 years; in Prussia, 1-3rd in 132 years: in France, 1-3rd in 71 years; in England, 2-7ths in 100 years. This indication of a general law in virtue of whose action the reproductive power of the human race will slacken as its numbers increase, may serve to allay the fears of those who imagine that a time must necessarily arrive when the world will be too small to contain its teeming inhabitants. Other indications, moreover, are not wanting to confirm this view; and physiologists now generally concur in anticipating the arrival of a period when—the globe being sufficiently peopled—the number of births will only equal that of deaths.

QUANTUM.

EXCELLENCY OF CHRIST.

BY GILES FLETCHER.

He is a path, if any be misled;
He is a robe, if any naked be;
If any chance to hunger, he is bread;
If any be a bondman, he is free;
If any be but weak, how strong is he!
To dead men life he is, to sick man health;
To blind men sight, and to the needy wealth—
A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth.

☞ The older Romans paid special honors to agriculture, as did the Jews. Their coin was stamped with symbols in connection therewith.—The Greeks refreshed the months of their ploughing oxen with wine. Charles the Ninth exempted from arrest for debt all persons engaged in the cultivation of the staple articles of agriculture.

☞ MODERATION IN ALL THINGS.—A tremendous talker is like a greedy eater at an ordinary, keeping to himself an entire dish of which every one present would like to have partaken.—*Punch.*

☞ A popular preacher received so many pairs of slippers from the female part of his congregation, that he got to fancying himself a centipede.

☞ A MEDICAL JEU D'ESPRIT.—A medical man says that those shopping ladies who make it a business to trouble dry goods clerks, without buying anything, ought to be called "counter-irritants."

☞ An impudent fellow says:—"Show me all the dresses a woman has worn in the course of her life, and I will write her biography from them."

☞ It was not the magnitude of the Grecian army, nor the martial skill of Achilles, their leader, that conquered the city of Troy, but ten years' perseverance.

☞ Somebody has called childhood "a rosy lawn between the cradle and the school-house."

☞ JOYFUL.—A little girl nine years old, having attended a soiree, being asked by her mother on returning how she enjoyed herself, answered, "I am *full* of happiness. I could'nt be any happier unless I could grow."

☞ Steele said of a woman whom he admired—"To have loved her was a liberal education."

☞ A poet in the Boston Post, while celebrating in lofty verse the inns of Chicago, finally concludes by saying that "Chicago is an infamous city."

☞ AN ATOMIC THEORY.—From the number of nobodies that are returned to Parliament, we are afraid that the next Session may already be characterized, in the Palmerston phrase, as "A fortuitous concurrence of atoms." So small are some of the atoms, that it is our belief the Queen will have to open Parliament with a microscope.—*London Punch.*

☞ Each of us bears within himself a world unknown to his fellow beings, and each may relate of himself a history, resembling that of every one, yet like that of no one.

☞ Men of the world hold that it is impossible to do a disinterested action, except from an interested motive; for the sake of admiration, if for no grosser, more tangible gain. Doubtless they are also convinced that, when the sun is showering light from the sky, he is only standing there to be stared at.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

☞ You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good, and whose enemies are all of a character decidedly bad.

☞ Industry will make a purse, and frugality will give you strings to it. This purse will cost you nothing. Draw the strings as frugality directs, and you will always find a useful penny at the bottom.

A NODE TO SPRING.

BY A ENDIGNINT FARMER.

Well spring youv cum at last, hev you!
The polt sez youv bin a sittin in Ole Winter's
Lap; now aint you ashamed of yourself!
I spose the old feller's been a bussin you
I should think he had from your breth
A bein so cold—but that's the way them
Old fellers hev a doin.

Well as I was sayin,
Youv cum at last with your "hammy"
Breth a blowin from the Nottwes—
Westconsiant or Newbrasky I spose,
Gists Kuntries for bum, I rekin!

Now youv cum wen
Everybodies feed an Korn an things,
Hev al bin fed out! Now luk at
Our Kritters, will ye? Se our Kate!
On the rift, a heven to be steddied by
Thar isles whin they gits up a mornings!
Luk at our horse wats all rejuiced
To ski'etons a weepin over a trough;
A bull troft full of kobs!
A bull troft full ov bitter rekolekshuns.

Luk at them sheepe a lien in
The fens kornurs a waitin for grass!
Yis! an they bin a waitin sutn ov
Them fur weex!—An ef they wasnt
Fuld they'd bin "shaking ther lox
At yu as sed U dun it!" (That thur
Iz from Han let, won ov Shakspur's plais)
As another poit sez—"Grass difford maks
The stomak ake"—so these sheepe will
Never open thur il on to grass agin—No!
Nor onto fodur!

Now luk at them hogs, as has bin
A follerin them Katel wat hev bin
Stuft on ha'. So em will ye a crepin
Round as if theys fetched with Korns
Luk at thur eres wil ye—bigur than
Anny cabbitch lefe!

Se them shoats
A lenin onto the fens to squele!
Luk at them mity eres a hanging pendint
Onto sich little hogs! So a hundrid
Gud shoats to juiced down to a even
Korn baskit ful!
Yes, that thurs off yer doins, U
Tardi lotteria Spring!—a hangin lok
Az youv bin a doin!

But now youv cum!
We feis yer cherin presenz wen we
Git round onto the South side ov the bars!
We here the hens a kaklin when theyve
Laid a egg. We see the horsradish
A startin up a long side the garding
Fens! The wimmen is a lookin into
The old depot arter goarding sedes!
All these things make me think youv cum!

Ef so be Iv riled
Ye, Spring, a showin up ov yer short cummins,
Jes set it down to havin a polt's liesns,
[Tho I haint taken wun out yet, I low to.]

YANKEE FIGHTING.

The Memoirs of Sir Charles Napier, just published in England, contains many passages interesting to Americans. We select a couple of paragraphs:

When at Bermuda, in 1813, with his regiment, Colonel Napier, writing to his mother, says:—"Two packets are due, and we fear they have been taken; for the Yankees swarm here, and when a frigate goes out to drive them off, by Jove, they take her! Yankees fight well, and are gentlemen in their mode of warfare. Decatur refused Cardon's sword, saying, 'Sir, you have used it so well, I should be ashamed to take it from you.' These Yankees, though so much abused, are really fine fellows. One, an acquaintance of mine, has just got the Macedonian; he was here a prisoner, and dined with me; he had taken one of our ships, but was himself captured by the Poictiers, seventy-four; being now in an English frigate, if he meets us we must take him, or we are no longer sovereigns on the ocean."

From Bermuda, Charles Napier sailed for America, and became engaged in some of the daring and disastrous operations carried on against the Americans by the Government over which King George III. exercised a despotic power. The bush method of warfare struck him as cowardly, and as for the system of loading cannon to the mouth with odds and ends of old iron, it was his abhorrence: "Seven thousand men are at Baltimore, and we have no such force: still my opinion is, that if we tuck up our sleeves and lay our ears back we may thrash them; that is, if we caught them out of their trees, so as to slap at them with the bayonet. They will not stand that. But they fight unfairly, firing jagged pieces of iron and every sort of devilment; nails, broken pokers, old locks of guns, gun-barrels, everything that will do mischief. On board a twenty-gun ship that we took, I found this sort of ammunition regularly prepared. This is wrong. Man delights to be killed according to the law of nations, and nothing is so pleasant and correct; but to be *doused* against all rule is quite offensive. We don't then kick like gentlemen. A 24-pound shot in the stomach is fine; we die heroically; but a brass candlestick for stuffing, with a garnish of rusty twopenny nails, makes us die ungenteelly, and with the cholic."

TRADE IN INSECTS.—Bugs are an important article in the trade of Rio Janeiro. Their wings are made into artificial flowers, and some of the most brilliant varieties are worn as ornaments in ladies' hair. One man manages to earn his living by selling insects and other specimens to the strangers who visit the port. He keeps twelve slaves constantly employed in finding the bugs, serpents, and shells which are most in demand. The nearest approach to his business that we can remember is that of the trade of fire-flies in Havana; the insect being caught and carefully fed on the sugar-cane, is used as an ornament in ladies' dresses. Being twice the size of the American fire fly it is very brilliant at night. The creoles catch them on the plantations and sell them to the city belles; some of them carry them in silver cages attached to their bracelets. They make a fine display by lamplight.

HOW TO TREAT AN APPLICANT FOR OFFICE.—Among others, a young man from the country recently waited upon Collector Austin, of Boston, and at once produced his petition for office. He was backed up by the leading Democrats of his vicinity as a firm Democrat, who had ever been faithful to his party, &c. He was received with much urbanity by the collector, who, upon glancing at the petition, grasped the young man by the hand, with the remark—

"My dear sir, I am rejoiced to perceive that you sustain Democratic principles. You are in the right path. Stick to the Democratic party."

"But," murmured the applicant, "how about the office?"

"As to that," replied the Collector, with a mysterious shake of the head, "I have nothing to say; but stick to the Democratic party." And before the bewildered applicant gained his presence of mind, he was politely bowed from the official presence.

THE ROMANCE OF CRIME.

[A late number of *Household Words*, gives the following account of what it styles, "*A Few Pleasant French Gentlemen*:]

COGNARD.

In the time of the First Empire, among the forcats, or convicts, of the Bagne at Rochefort, was one named Cognard; a man of remarkable courage and decided good breeding. One day Cognard was missing. He had slipped his chains and flung away his bullet, and the guns of Rochefort thundered after him in vain. Cognard got safe away to Spain; and though the gardes chiourmes (the guards of the Bagne) twirled their moustaches and swore in royal style, the forcat was beyond their reach.

Cognard, as a gentleman travelling for pleasure, became acquainted with the family of the Count Pontis de Sainte Helene. The acquaintance ripened into intimacy, and the pleasant French gentleman who had so much to say on every subject, was soon rarely absent from the the count's chateau. But, sorrow fell on the hospitable Spaniard. One by one, mysteriously and as if they were pursued by some relentless fate, every member of the Pontis family disappeared. Sudden deaths and lingering deaths, nameless diseases and horrible accidents, cut them off one by one; the pleasant French gentleman always at the side of the sufferers, soothing the dying with rare drugs; and generally at hand in time to see, but not to prevent, each catastrophe. Did any light break in upon the last Pontis, as he lay on his bed of death, slowly following the rest of his brave kindred, and the French gentleman mixed him draughts and prepared him potions, and learnt from him all the particulars necessary for conveyancing and managing his estate? Did one look of triumph from those cruel eyes ever reveal the fatal tragedy to the dying man? Cognard never confessed this; all he told was, that as soon as the Spaniard was dead, he possessed himself of the jewels, plate, and money left; of the title deeds of the estate, and of the patent of nobility.—And, with these, fully armed now for the great contest of life, he entered the Spanish army as sub-lieutenant Count Pontis de Sainte Helene.

In a short time he was raised to the rank of chef d'escadron; and after having distinguished himself gallantly at Monte Video, he was made lieutenant-colonel. However, he could not quite subdue his ancient propensities; having entangled himself in a pecuniary misdirection, he was arrested; but, twice he managed to escape. On the second occasion, he put himself at the head of a brave band of French prisoners of war; seized a Spanish brig; passed into France; and, by virtue of his courage and his name, was made chef-d'escadron, on the grand staff of the Duke de Dalmatia—the brave and virtuous Marshal Soult. Soon after, he was made chef-de-bataillon of the hundredth regiment of the line, and his fortune seemed to be secure. At Toulouse and at Waterloo he signalized himself greatly, received many wounds, and performed many acts of gallantry; for these he was rewarded with the cross of the legion of honor: no common reward in those days. In 1815, the Duke de Berri made him successively Chevalier de Saint Louis, chef-de-bataillon, and lieutenant-colonel of the troops of the Seine. There was not a man in the army who did not envy and admire the gallant and successful Count Pontis de Sainte Helene.

One day the Count was in the Place Vendome, assisting, at the head of his troops, in the painful ceremony of a military degradation. He was in full uniform, glistening with stars and crosses, and gray with many-colored orders; surrounded by the best and noblest of the land, and standing there as their equal. A voice at his elbow calls "Cognard!" The count turns. He sees a dirty, haggard, low-browed ruffian, whose features he only too well remembers; for, years ago, within the fatal walls of Rochefort, that low-browed ruffian had been his chained companion, manacled to him limb to limb. To put a bold front on it was all that the count could do; to order the man to be thrust back; to affect indifference, ignorance, disdain—he saw no better way of escape. But, his chain-mate, one of Cognard's inferiors, was not to be so easily put off. He denounced the lieutenant-colonel, in the hearing of them all, as an escaped convict, and gave his real name and history. General Despinois ordered the arrest of his officer; and four gendarmes seized him, in face of his troops.—He demanded and obtained permission to go to his hotel, for a change of clothes; when there, he seized a brace of pistols, presented them at his guards, and while they stood stupefied and thunder-struck at his daring, he rushed from the hotel, and they saw him no more.

Six months afterwards he was caught; tried as an escaped convict, and for forgery and murder; condemned to the galleys for life; and, in a few years, died at Brest, an outcast and degraded forcat. If it had not been for that voice on the Place Vendome, Cognard the convict might have died Count Pontis de Sainte Helene, Marechal de France.

ANTHELME COLLET.

Anthelme Collet, a gentleman by birth and education, an officer on the fair way to promotion, deserted the army in 1796; and, under the name of Tolosant, established himself at Rome as an "engraver of armorial bearings." In the course of his profession he became acquainted with Cardinal Fesch, who, taking a fancy to the handsome young engraver, had him to live with him in his palace. Such a patronage is worth money; accordingly, Tolosant turned it into sixty thousand francs (two thousand four hundred pounds), which, on the strength of his intimacy with monseigneur, he borrows of a banker. With this sixty thousand francs he quits Rome and the Cardinal, without the trouble of saying adieu; escaping to Mondori, where he leads the life of a veritable prince. Received among the golden youth as one of themselves—as indeed how should he not be with his elegant manners, handsome person, and evident wealth?—he soon became the leader of their fashions and their amusements. After organising many very popular games, he proposes private theatricals; of which he is to be the costumier and keeper of the wardrobe. The thing takes immensely; and all sorts of plays are agreed on and dressed for. When all the dresses are chosen and in the theatrical wardrobe, our friend amuses himself one night by packing them up smoothly and carefully in certain private valises: and, before the morning sun shone on Mondovi, the popular stage-manager and his characters were far on their way to Sion.

A mild, modest-mannered, young priest arrived by diligence at Sion. He had excellent letters of introduction, and was received with cordiality by the clergy, whom he much edified by his spiritual graces and good gifts. In a short time he was placed as cure in the small parish of Saint Pierre; which office he filled for five months, with exemplary devotion. There was a talk of removing him to another more populous sphere, where his labors would be more conspicuously blessed; but, while the project was pending, one fine morning the reverend father was missing; and, with him, a sum of thirty thousand francs, which had been intrusted to him for the reconstruction of the church. The part of the village cure, which had been apportioned to one of the golden youth at Mondovi, brought the grist to Anthelme Collet's mill for a long time.

From Sion to Strasbourg, from Strasbourg into Germany; thence back again to Italy—this time under the name and title of a general—the thirty thousand francs carrying him bravely on the very crest of fortune, the young swindler led a comfortable life enough. But, his funds were getting low; and, to replenish them, the general put his name and graces out at interest, and borrowed on them a large sum from a banker of Savone. He was nearly caught there. The banker was a wary man, and only trusted even generals as far as he could see them. However, the man of war disappeared when the banker began to stir; and, in his place stood the grave and reverend prelate, Monseigneur Dominique Pasqualini, Bishop of Manfredonia, who, with a forged bulle d'institution, presented himself to the Bishop of Nice, and ordained thirty-three abbes. The game of prelacy, however, could not be safely played long; Collet turned his face to Frejus, as an inspector-general, covered with military decorations. At Draguignan he formed his staff, and at Toulon a prefet's son was proud to become his private secretary; at Marseilles he had a suit of twenty followers, and took one hundred and thirty thousand francs (five thousand two hundred pounds) from the government chests. His people must be fed. At Nismes he took three hundred thousand francs, or twelve thousand pounds.

But, Anthelme Collet's theatricals were drawing to a close; the game was getting too warm for him. While breakfasting with the prefet of Montpellier, the brilliant inspector-general was seized by the police, and his staff of dupes were summarily incarcerated. For better security he was put into a dungeon below ground. He expected nothing else than to be shot; when the prefet, willing to gratify the curiosity of a large dinner-party whom he had invited to meet the inspector-general, and to whom he was eager to show the lion under a new form, ordered the prisoner to be brought up to be looked at. While the guard went in to announce him, he was left in the office, or passage-room between the kitchen and the dining-room, under the care of two sentinels. Before they knew he had turned round, he had put on a cook's cap, apron and vest that lay handy; seized a dish waiting to be carried into the salle-a-manger; carried it in, and set it down before the prefet; then he disappeared. The sentinels had seen nothing but a cook of the establishment pass through the office. While the city was up in arms, and the police were hunting everywhere, Collet, from the window of a small room close to the prefecture, watched their movements, laughed at their dismay; in a fortnight's time he was safe out of the city. Such an escape was unprecedented. People talked of magic and compacts with unpleasant powers, and all sorts of wild superstitions crept around the name of Anthelme Collet. The truth only came out when he was finally arrested, and he told his adventures with a novelist's delight.

He took refuge from the police of Montpellier in the Convent of the Brothers of Christian Doctrine at Toulouse. He was a boarder there, and enchanted them all by his piety and munificence. He made them wonderful promises—the Arabian Nights were nothing to him; he did buy (but did not pay for) a piece of land whereon to build an establishment for novices; for the Brothers of Christian Doctrine were to take the lead of every other monastic institution in Toulouse. One day, while the good, simple, credulous brothers went to inspect their new domain, and to see how far the workmen had got on with the noviciate establishment, their kind patron loaded a carriage with the vases, cups, ornaments and jewelled relics of the chapel; not forgetting all the money he could find in the house. When the unhappy brothers returned, they found their patron and their wealth among the things that were not.

Knowing that he would be hotly pursued, Collet conceived and executed one of those strokes of genius which are almost sublime. He went to Roche-Beaucourt, and took lodgings in the commissary's house. The police, of course, looked too wide, and Collet assisted in the search after himself. No one suspected the commissary's guest, and the pursuit slackened and finally died away. Under the name of Galat, and in the guise of a modest and honest rentier, our friend turned next to Mans. He lodged in the parish of Couture, and was remarked for his pious exactitude in attending mass, vespers, and the confessional, and for his wonderful benevolence to the poor. He distributed large quantities of bread daily—furnished on credit by a rich baker; for, Galat's rents were not yet due, and he was temporarily short of cash. He bought much jewelry, too, on credit, and mystified honest men by sending them to look at a certain estate, which he had to sell at a low price, and which they never could find. Finally, he would buy a cabriolet of one of the rich notables of the town. But, he must try the cabriolet first. He did try it, and drive it ten leagues away from Mans. When safe at the end of his ten leagues, he wrote a polite note to the owner, telling him where he might find his property, thanking him for a very useful loan; but declining to purchase it, having no more occasion for it.

Collet was arrested a short time after this, after more than twenty years of successful swindling; was condemned to twenty years' travaux forces at the Bagne, was branded with the letters T. F. between his shoulders, and was taken to Rochefort as a galley-slave. He led the most luxurious life a man could lead (even at this day, French prisoners with money may buy unheard of personal luxuries), no one knowing where his immense resources came from. When he died—which he did just before the expiry of his sentence—a large quantity of gold was found stitched in between the lining and the outer covering of his clothes.

BAUDIN.

The result of the Brussels lottery was to be made known one evening in Paris. In the time of the Empire, it was lawful to buy tickets for the Brussels lottery, three hours before the arrival of the courier with the list of the winning numbers. With a margin of three hours, there surely could be no foul play, even among the clever sharpers of Paris. Rather more than four hours before the arrival of the messenger, a man named Baudin presented himself at the office, bought a certain number, paid, and disappeared. That evening, Baudin had drawn a million. Napoleon the Great was no easy man to cheat. Such a wonderful coincidence of good fortune seemed somewhat suspicious. He caused an inquiry to be made; after some time he discovered that Baudin had an accomplice at Brussels, who sent him the number of the lucky ticket on the neck of a carrier pigeon. The carrier pigeon flew faster than the courier rode, and Baudin gained his million for a time. He lost that, and liberty, and life, too, at the Bagne at Brest.

FICHON.

Fichon, a forcat for life, condemned for numberless audacious crimes, has a trick of breaking loose, spite of double chains, the bullet, guards, and stone walls. One day, he is seen on the port, un-ironed, quietly looking at his companions—not attempting to escape, only taking a little liberal exercise on his own account. Taken back to his bench (for he was chained to a bench, apparently immoveably,) strictly watched, and trebly ironed, the next day he is in his old place on the port watching his companions again, and whistling Le Postillon de Longjumeau. The commissary, a common man without sympathies, orders M. Fichon to the cachot (the dark underground cells.) "Here at least, he will be safe," says the common man, sipping his cafe noir. Two days afterwards, he espies M. Fichon strolling through the town of Toulon, his hands behind his back, whistling as before, and looking in at the shop windows.

"What are you doing there, Fichon?"

"Why, my commissary, what you see. I am taking a little walk. What do you wish me to do? I will obey you. Must I go back from whence I came?"

"As you please!" said the commissary, ironically, "since it seems a settled thing with you not to obey me any longer."

Fichon, hurt at such an insinuation, returned to his cell. An hour afterwards, the guard found the door locked, and Fichon re-ironed by his own hands; but, they never could find the most trifling instrument capable of filing or unriveting his chains.

FANFAN.

Andre Fanfan was even as clever as, or more clever than, Fichon. Andre's foot used to itch, and then there was no holding him. He used to attempt serious flight; Fichon only wanted a little quiet stroll without irons. But, both seemed to have secured the mandrake's power over bolts and bars. No walls could hold them, no chains bind them, no balls hit them. They were vulnerable, only in their facility of losing their liberty. They never could keep free when they had got loose. Fanfan was sure to be retaken, before twelve hours were out; and, when Fichon had finished one sentence, he was very certain to come to grief and another. These two men gave the garden chiourmes many a day's outing. It was almost as good fun as hunting a well-trained stag, to hear the gun fired, and the news spread that Fanfan or Fichon had escaped. When they died, the guards felt as if half the amusement of their wretched lives had died too.

HOW TO STOP TABLE-TURNING.—In the course of its travels, table-turning reached Munich, the capital of Bavaria. Liebig had but recently been established there, as Professor of Chemistry, the enlightened government of that kingdom having drawn him thither from Giessen. The experiment of table-turning succeeded marvellously at first. Good and intelligent people were amazed at the phenomenon, and fully believed, either that spiritual forces were at work in the mahogany, or that some new physical power was unfolding itself. They naturally went to the great philosopher, to obtain his opinion. He simply said, "Place your hands under the table, and not on it." They did so, and no table, however light, though running on castors over polished floors under the smallest impulsion, would yet budge an inch—or a hair's breadth. The good people of Munich were again astonished at the facility with which they had deceived themselves, and thanked Liebig for opening their eyes; for it is not the custom there to consult men of science on obscure subjects and then abuse them if their opinions do not happen to coincide with the popular madness of the hour—and table-turning has never troubled Munich since. The explanation, of course, was, that when their hands were on the table, they pushed it unconsciously; when their hands were under the table they could not push it without a conscious effort, inasmuch as the force of gravitation was against them. And as they were honest people they would not push, and as the table was an honest table, it would not go.

SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS.—A wealthy epicure applied to an Arabian doctor for a prescription that would restore his body to health, and give happiness to his mind. The physician advised him to exchange shirts with a man who was perfectly contented with his lot. Whereupon the patient set out on a journey in pursuit of such a person. After many months spent without accomplishing his object, he was told of a certain cobbler of whom every one had spoken as a model of contentment and happiness. Pursuing the direction given, the traveller was at length rewarded with the sight of the cobbler enjoying a comfortable nap on a board. Without ceremony he was aroused from his slumbers, and the important interrogatory, whether he was contented with his lot, was answered in the affirmative.

"Then," said the seeker after happiness, "I have one small boon to ask at your hands. It is that you exchange shirts with me, that by this means I also may become contented and happy."

"Most gladly would I accede to thy request," replied the cobbler, "but—"

"Nay, refuse me not," interrupted the man of wealth; "any sum that you may name shall be thine."

"I seek not thy wealth," said the cobbler, "but—but—"

"But what?"

"The—the truth is—*I have no shirt.*"

RECIPE FOR DYSENTERY.—As the season is at hand when all classes are liable to be afflicted with dysentery, diarrhœa, &c., we deem it our duty to make public the following simple and efficacious remedy, which has been known to us for several years, and which we have repeatedly used with complete success: It is simply to take a tumbler of cold water, thicken it with wheat flour to about the consistence of cream, and drink it. This is to be repeated several times in the course of the day, or as often as you are thirsty; and it is not very likely that you will need it on the second day. We have not only used it in our own case, but have recommended it to our friends in many instances, and we never knew it to fail of effecting a speedy cure even in the worst stages of dysentery. It is a simple remedy, and costs little.—*Farmers' Gazette.*

☞ YOUNG AMERICA.—Wendell Phillips says: "Put an American baby six months old on his feet, and he will immediately say, 'Mr. Chairman,' and call the next cradle to order."

THE MISER AND HIS SLIPPERS.

A PERSIAN STORY.

There lived in Bagdad, once upon a time—(we believe this is the approved method of commencing an Eastern story)—a merchant, named Abu Cassem Tamburi, celebrated for his penurious disposition. Although he was very rich, his clothes were little better than rags; his turban, formed of a piece of the coarsest linen, was so dirty that its original color could no longer be distinguished; but of his entire equipment, the slippers were the articles which in the highest degree merited the attention of the curious; the soles were armed with heavy nails, while the "uppers" were patched and repatched in every conceivable variety of pattern. Never had the famous Argo so many pieces; and during the ten years that they had been slippers, the most skilful shoemakers in Bagdad had exhausted their art in repairing, or endeavoring to repair, their manifold and various dilapidation. From these constant mendings, the slippers, as a natural consequence, had become so weighty that they had passed into a proverb, and when any one wanted to express something very heavy, Cassem's slippers were always the objects of comparison.

One day, while our merchant was promenading in the great bazaar of the city, he was informed that a poor perfumer having fallen into difficulties, had a small quantity of ottar of roses which he was desirous of disposing of to keep himself and family from starvation. Abu Cassem, ever on the look-out for what he called a good bargain, hastened to profit by the poor man's misfortune, and purchased his ottar from him at about half its value. This excellent affair had put him into a most amiable humor; but, instead of giving a sumptuous feast, according to the custom of the Eastern merchants when they have been successful in their negotiations, he thought he would treat himself to a bath instead, a luxury he had not enjoyed for a considerable time.

As he was taking off his clothes, one of his friends, or at least an individual who pretended to be such, (for misers seldom have friends,) told him that his slippers rendered him the talk of the whole city, and that it was high time he bought himself a new pair. "I have been thinking of so doing for a length of time," replied Cassem, but, after all, these are not yet quite past service." While thus conversing, he entered the bath.

It so happened, that while our miser was washing, the Cadi of Bagdad came also to bathe.—Cassem having left before the judge, proceeded to the outer cooling-room for the purpose of dressing; he resumed his clothes, one by one, but when it came to the slippers, they were nowhere to be found. A beautiful new pair being in the place of his own, our miser, persuaded, because he so desired it, that this was a present from the friend who had been so lately lecturing him on the subject of his pedal coverings, put his feet into the luxurious slippers, and issued forth from the bath full of joy.

When the Cadi had finished bathing, his slaves sought in vain their master's slippers; they found but a vile, patched pair, which were at once recognized as the slippers of the merchant Cassem; the city guards were forthwith despatched in search of the delinquent, and soon returned leading in our friend Cassem, who was charged with the theft; the Cadi, after changing slippers with his prisoner, sent him to jail. In the East it is necessary to loose one's purse-strings to escape the claws of justice; and as Cassem passed in the world for being as rich as he was miserly, he did not get out for a trifle.

On his return home, Cassem, in a rage, cast his slippers into the Tigris, which flowed beneath his windows; a few days afterwards, some fishermen, while engaged in their avocations, on drawing in their net, found it heavier than usual; on bringing it to land, they discovered within it the slippers of our friend Cassem, the heavy nails with which they were garnished having broken several of the meshes.

The fishermen, indignant against Cassem and his slippers, thought that they could not do better than throw them into his house through the open windows. The slippers, hurled with force, struck the phials of ottar which were standing on the window-sill, and upset them; the bottles were broken, and the ottar lost.

The grief of Cassem at the sight of this disaster may be imagined. "Cursed slippers!" cried he, tearing his beard, "you shall not cause me any more annoyance!" So saying, he seized a spade and proceeded to his garden to dig a hole for the purpose of burying his slippers.

One of his neighbors, who had for some time owed him a grudge, having perceived him moving the earth, ran forthwith to inform the Governor that Cassem had exhumed a treasure in his garden; this intelligence was quite sufficient to kindle the flame of cupidity in the breast of the Commandant. In vain did our miser protest that he had found no treasure, but that he was only digging a hole to bury his slippers; his story was laughed at; the Governor had reckoned on the money, and the afflicted Cassem only obtained his liberty on payment of a round sum.

Our merchant, driven to despair by these freaks of Fortune, proceeded to an aqueduct at some distance from the city, and cast his slippers once more into the water, accompanying the act by a malediction which need not be repeated—but the fickle jade, it would appear, had not yet tired of playing her tricks upon him, for chance so willed it that the slippers should be directed by the current directly into the mouth of the conduit pipe of the aqueduct, where they stuck fast, thus intercepting the supply of water to the city. The men employed on the waterworks hastened to repair the damage. Sticking in the mouth of the pipe they discovered Cassem's slippers, which they forthwith brought to the Governor, declaring that it was *this* that had caused all the mischief.

The unfortunate proprietor of the slippers was again thrown into prison, and condemned to pay a fine heavier than the two others; but the Governor who had punished the misdemeanor, magnanimously declaring that he could not reconcile it to his conscience to detain the property of another, faithfully restored to the merchant his precious slippers. Cassem, in order to deliver himself from all the evils which they had caused him, now resolved to burn them; but as they were completely soaked with the water they had imbibed during their residence in the aqueduct, he exposed them to the rays of the sun on the terrace of his house.

And here Fortune played our miser the unkindest trick of all. A neighbor's dog spied out the slippers as they lay in the sun; he jumped from his master's terrace on to that of the merchant, seized one of the slippers in his mouth, and while playing with it, threw it over the parapet into the street; the fatal shoe fell directly on the head of a woman in a very delicate state of health, who was passing at the time. The infuriated husband lodged a complaint with the Cadi, and Cassem was condemned to pay a fine, proportioned to the evil of which he had been the cause.

He returned home, and taking his slippers in his hands: "Signior," said he to the Cadi, with a vehemence of gesture which made the judge laugh, "behold the fatal instruments of all my troubles, these accursed slippers have at length reduced me to poverty; deign to issue a decree in order that from henceforth no one will be permitted to impute to me the evils which they will doubtless still occasion."

The Cadi could not refuse his demand, and thus Cassem learnt at a considerable expense the danger one incurs by not changing sufficiently often one's slippers.

A TOWN-GARDEN AS IT OFTEN IS.

A TOWN-GARDEN AS IT ALWAYS MIGHT BE.

A HINT FOR TOWN GARDENS.

The object of the accompanying design is, to show by contrast what may be done by the exercise of a little taste in the ornamentation of a garden such as may be found attached to many of our suburban residences. Every traveller on a line of railway that is elevated above the ordinary level of the houses must have noticed the effect produced by carelessness and neglect in the manner taste, order and industry unite to form a scene of beauty, and a source of continued delight.

A love for the cultivation of flowers is one of the most healthy and cheerful pursuits that can be indulged in; it is not only pleasurable to those engaged therein, but it adds an additional charm to the magic of Home.

In No. 1 is represented the space intended doubtless by the builder for the garden; but which, in consequence of neglect or the carelessness of the occupant, has become a receptacle for rubbish, dust, and the *debris* of the household,—unwholesome to those who are living in close contact with it, and unsightly to the neighbors on each side. The prospect is interrupted by the backs of a row of houses, built in the but too common style of architecture, which seems to revel in uninteresting monotony.

In No. 2 is shown the same piece of ground differently managed. The centre contains two or three beds of flowers, whilst a narrow bed is carried round by the wall; on the top of the latter boxes of the same width should be placed, and made sufficiently deep to grow Geraniums, Fuchsias, &c.; whilst against the sides of the wall may be trained such plants and shrubs as are best suited for the situation. The wall, if previously white lime-washed, will contribute to the general effect by contrasting with the foliage; the washing at the same time will be conducive to the preservation of the plants by destroying the insects that so often infest shrubs.

At the end of the garden should be raised a trellis-work, over which Ivy and Virginia Creeper could be trained. The Ivy would afford a luxuriant green during winter, and would also form a pleasing contrast during autumn with the crimson leaves of the Virginian Creeper. In front of the trellis may be erected a small alcove or summer-house. A vase or tazza of flowers will add considerably to the beauty. The arches represented should be placed in such a manner as, when viewed from the house, to give the greatest idea of space. These arches may be constructed of wood or iron—the latter is to be preferred on account of its gracefulness and greater durability: they may also be made of wirework, specimens of which can be seen at the manufactories.

The cost of this floral decoration, deducting the value of the material, is but trifling; in fact, the whole might be constructed by an occupant possessing taste and energy.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

BY B. P. SHILLABER.

Down the dark valley, alone, alone,
Has our white winged dove in her beauty flown;
Her tender eyes that shone so bright
Have closed forever to earthly light;
She has left the love that was round her thrown,
And down the valley has fled, alone.

There were bitter tears when she passed away,
A sad, sad cloud obscured our day!
She had twined herself round each loving heart
Till she seemed of its very self a part;
Oh, how we loved her!—but she has flown
Down the dark valley—alone, alone.

She was but a fragile and beautiful thing,
A blossom to bloom in the lap of Spring;
The noonday heat with its feverish glow,
And the chilly breath of the wintry snow
She could not abide, and thus has flown
Down the dark valley—alone, alone.

Oh, dark to us doth the valley appear,
And we shrink aghast from its shadows drear;
The earthly sense is chilled by the gloom
Of the sombre midnight of the tomb;
Thus we gave her up, while our heart made moan
As she went down the valley—alone, alone.

Alone, all alone; but beyond the night
Of the darkened vale is a radiant light
That breaks from above with diviner ray
Than shines the glory of solar day,
Which springs from God's eternal throne,
And lights the valley she trod alone!

And seraph hands in joyfulness hold
The little wanderer from our fold;
Her gentle feet shall feel no harm,
Sustained by the angelic arm,
And brighter than the sun e'er shone,
Is she who passed down the valley alone.

—*Evening Gazette.*

The Treatment of Children in Russia.—In the life of a Russian peasant there is a period anterior to all tunics, mantles, and even sheepskins, during which they live a kind of mummy life, only, unlike the Egyptian, it is the first instead of the last stage of their existence. For the youngest children are always swaddled, and rolled up tight in bandages, so that they may be conveniently put away without risk of getting themselves into mischief or danger. On entering one of their houses, an enthusiastic traveller thinks he has come upon some Pagan tribe having their idols and penates, with the heads well carved out, and the rest of the body left in block. He looks curiously at one laid up on a shelf, another hung to the wall on a peg, a third swung over one of the main beams of the roof, and rocked by the mother who has the cord looped over her foot. "Why, that is a child!" cries the traveller, with a feeling similar to that experienced on treading upon a toad which was supposed to be a stone. "Why, what else should it be?" answers the mother. Having learnt so much in so short a time, the inquisitive traveller wishes to inform himself about the habits of the creature; but his curiosity being somewhat damped by the extreme dirt of the little figure, he inquires of the parent when it is washed. "Washed!" shrieks the terrified mother; "washed!—what! wash a child? You would kill it."

Literary Nurserymen.—Melancthon studied the gravest points of theology while he held his book in one hand, and in the other the edge of a cradle, which he incessantly rocked. "M. Esprit," a celebrated author and scholar, "has been caught by me," says M. Marville, "reading Plato with great attention, considering the interruptions which he met from the necessity of frequently blowing his little boy's whistle."

The Power of the Voice.—John Evelyn, notes, "the voice, if very strong and sharp, will crack a drinking glass." Many years ago, Mr. Broadhurst, the vocalist, by singing a high note at a party, at the London Coffee House, on Ludgate Hill, caused a wine-glass on the table to break, the bowl being separated from the stem.

A VERY SINGULAR SERMON.

The following singular old sermon, which has recently been reprinted in a tract at Diss, in Norfolk, England, is said to be authentic. The title is, "A sermon occasioned by the death of Mr. Proctor, Minister of Gissing, by the Rev. Mr. Moor, of Burston, in Norfolk." It is surmised to have been preached about one hundred and forty years ago,, in the parish church of Burston, a small village near Diss. Most of the names mentioned in this curious—but considering the times and manners of the locality, rather characteristic—discourse, are now standing in the register books of the said parish, thus so far supporting the reality of the sermon. In 1750 it was printed in the *British Magazine* for November, and a manuscript copy of it was found in an old wall, pulled down at Wisbeach, in 1823. We thus introduce it, and we give the discourse entire, which has, at least, the merit of brevity:—

"*Fight the good fight.*"—1 Tim. vi. 12.

Beloved, we are met together to solemnize the funeral of Mr. Proctor; his father's name was Mr. Thomas Proctor, of the second family; his brother's name was also Mr. Thomas Proctor; he lived some time at Burston Hall, in Norfolk, and was high constable of Diss Hundred; this man's name was Mr. Robert Proctor, and his wife's was Mrs. Buxton; late wife of Mr. Matthew Buxton; she came from Helsdon Hall, beyond Norwich.

He was a good husband and she a good housewife, and they two got money; she brought a thousand pounds with her for her portion.

But now, beloved, I shall make it clear, by demonstrative arguments. First, he was a good man, and that in several respects; he was a loving man to his neighbors, a charitable man to the poor, and a favorable man in his tithes, and a good landlord to his tenants; there sits one, Mr. Spurgeon, can tell what a great sum of money he forgave him on his death-bed, and it was four-score pounds; now, beloved, was not this a good man, a man of God, and his wife a good woman, and she came from Helsdon Hall, beyond Norwich. This is the first argument.

Secondly, to prove this man to be a good man, and a man of God: in the time of his sickness, which was long and tedious, he sent for Mr. Cole, minister of Shimpling, to pray for him. He was not a self-ended man, to be prayed for himself only; no, beloved, he desired him to pray for all his relations and acquaintances, for Mr. Buxton's worship and for all Mr. Buxton's children, against it should please God to send him any; and to Mr. Cole's prayers he devoutly said Amen, Amen, Amen; was not this a good man, and a man of God, think you, and his wife a good woman? and she came from Helsdon Hall, beyond Norwich.

Then he sent for Mr. Gibbe to pray for him; when he came he prayed for him, for all his friends, relations and acquaintances; for Mr. Buxton's worship, for Mrs. Buxton's worship, and for all Mr. Buxton's children, against it should please God to send him any, and to Mr. Gibbe's prayers he devoutly said Amen, Amen, Amen; was not this a good man, and a man of God, think you, and his wife a good woman? and she came from Helsdon Hall, beyond Norwich.

Then he sent for me, and I came and prayed for this good man, Mr. Proctor, for all his friends, relations, and acquaintances; for Mr. Buxton's worship, for Mrs. Buxton's worship, and for Mr. Buxton's children until it should please God to send him any; and to my prayer he devoutly said Amen, Amen, Amen; was not this a good man, and a man of God, think you, and his wife a good woman? she came from Helsdon Hall, beyond Norwich.

Thirdly and lastly, beloved, I come to a clear demonstrative argument to prove this man to be a good man, and a man of God, and that is this: there was one Thomas Proctor, a very poor beggar boy, he came into this country upon the back of a dun cow, it was not a black cow, nor a brindled cow, nor a brown cow, no, beloved, it was a dun cow; well, beloved, this poor boy came a begging to this good man's door. He did not do as some would have done, give him a small alms and send him away, or chide him and make him a pass, and send him into his own country; no, beloved, he took him into his own home, and bound him an apprentice to a gun-smith in Norwich; after his time was out he took him home again, and married him to a kinswoman of his wife's, one Mrs. Christian Robertson, here present—there she sits; she was a very good fortune, and to her this good man gave a considerable jointure; by her this man had three daughters; this good man took home the eldest, brought her up to a woman's estate, married her to a very honorable gentleman, Mr. Buxton, here present, there he sits; who gave him a vast portion with her, and the remainder of his estate he gave his two daughters. Now, was not this a good man, and a man of God, think you, and his wife a good woman? and she came from Helsdon Hall, beyond Norwich.

Beloved, you may remember some time since, I preached at the funeral of Mrs. Proctor, all which time I troubled you with many of her transcendent virtues; but your memories perhaps may fail you, and therefore I shall now remind you of one or two of them.

The first is, she was a good knitter as any in the county of Norfolk; when her husband and family were in bed and asleep, she would get a cushion, clap herself down by the fire, and sit and knit; but, beloved, be assured she was no prodigal woman, but a sparing woman; for to spare candle she would stir up the coals with her knitting-pins, and by that light she would sit and knit, and make as good work as any other woman by daylight. Beloved, I have a pair of stockings on my legs that were knit in the same manner, and they are the best stockings that I ever wore in my life.

Secondly, she was the best maker of toast in drink that I ever eat in my life; and they were brown toasts, too; for when I used to go in a morning she would ask me to eat a toast, which I was very willing to do, because she had such an artificial way of toasting it, no ways slack or burning it; besides, she had such a pretty way of grating the nutmeg and dipping it in the beer, and such a piece of rare cheese, that I must needs say they were the best I ever eat in my life.

Well, beloved, the days are short, and many of you have a great way to your habitations, and therefore I hasten to a conclusion.

I think I have sufficiently proved this man to be a good man, and his wife a good woman, but fearing your memories should fail you, I shall repeat the particulars, viz.:—

1. His love to his neighbor. 2. His charity to the poor. 3. His favorableness in his tithes. 4. His goodness to his tenants. 5. His devotions in his prayers, in saying Amen! Amen!! Amen!!! to the prayers of Mr. Cole, Mr. Gibbs and myself.

Origin of Puffing.—Few persons have an idea of the origin of the word *puff*, as applied to a newspaper article. In France, at one time, the coiffure most in vogue was called a pouff. It consisted of the hair raised as high as possible over horse hair cushions, and then ornamented with objects indicative of the tastes and history of the wearer. For instance, the Duchess of Orleans, on her first appearance at court after the birth of a son and heir, had on her pouff a representation in gold and enamel, most beautifully executed, of a nursery. There was the cradle and the baby, the nurse, and a whole host of playthings. Madame de Egmont, the Duke de Richelieu's daughter, after her father had taken Port Mahon, wore on her pouff a little diamond fortress, with sentinels keeping guard; the sentinels, by means of mechanism, being made to walk up and down. This advertisement, the pouff, for such it really was, is the origin of the present word puff—applied to the inflations of the newspapers.—*Notes and Queries.*

Dr. Channing on the Theatre.—We can conceive of a theatre, which would be the noblest of all amusements, and would take a high rank among the means of refining the taste and elevating the character of a people. The deep woes, the mighty and terrible passions, and the sublime emotions of genuine tragedy, are fitted to thrill us with human sympathies, with profound interest in our natures, with a consciousness of what man can do, and dare, and suffer, with an awed feeling of the fearful mysteries of life. The soul of the spectator is stirred from its depths; and the lethargy in which so many live, is roused, at least for a time, to some intenseness of thought and sensibility. The drama answers a high purpose when it places us in the presence of the most solemn and striking events of human history, and lays bare to us the human heart in its most powerful, appalling, glorious workings. —*William Ellery Channing, D. D.*

Terribly Practical Self-Defence.—Mr. Spottiswoode, an English traveller, while in Russia, was told that robbers were bold and numerous, and was thus advised to repel their attacks: "Let one of you have ready at a moment's notice, a large box of snuff, and the other a carving fork. On the appearance of the robbers throw the snuff in their eyes, and while they are blinded and stupefied with the dust and pain, poke hard at them in the face with the fork."

THE AUTHORS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Who are men? and who are heroes?
Who are victors to the last?
They who with unfaltering courage
Quell the lions of the past.

They who, phœnix-like, sublimely
Thoughts of winged fire unfold,
Rising from the quickened ashes
Of the buried age of gold!

They who go from town and village—
From the smithy and the farm—
Nobler from the signs of labor
Branded on each stalwart arm.

They who go from mart and city—
From the rush and roar of trade—
Go to grapple with the future,
Strong of heart, and undismayed.

They who from the toiling present
Look not back through mist of tears—
Only o'er the future harvest
Of the golden-fruited years!

Feeling all men are born equal
Only by good deeds made best—
They who strive to win the sequel
That shall crown the nations blest.

They who nurse a noble scorning
E'er in mind to be a slave;
They who hail the glorious morning
Of the arts that keep us brave!

They who with their great endeavors
Build a never dying name;
They, whose thunder-bolts of genius
Wrap this living age in flame!

These are heroes, great and glorious,
From the lowliest haunts of men
Climbing to a height victorious
By the triumphs of the pen!

These, the seekers after knowledge,
Strong of soul to do and dare,
From the workshop and the college
Climbing by a shining stair.

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Kensington, May 26th, 1857.

RELIGIOUS DANCING.

In the middle ages the public mysteries were usually interspersed with dancing, which seems then, as now, to have been a very serious affair. And in the directions for a grand cathedral service at the Church of La Valliere in Rome, the official mandate says: "This service may be finished with or without a dance"—which indeed may be said of anything else—"if the dance be preferred, it shall come immediately after the Sanctus. And while the hymn to the highest powers is being sung, the four principal dancers shall reverently perform a ballet, accompanied with *caprioles* and *entrechats*, and so after each stanza till the benediction." Strange as this seems to us, we should recollect that even in our own country the common people were at one time played out of church at the end of the sermon by a fiddle, when they formed a dance in the churchyard. "This harmless and pleasing practice," says Rees, "has been totally abolished by the Methodists." The religious origin of dances of this sort is obvious. But dancing has actually formed part of the religion of some persons. There was one Hermotimus among the Gnostics, who, we read, frequently danced himself into so divine a condition, that while fixing his thoughts intently upon any bright star, he was able to project his soul into it, and this he did repeatedly, till one night his wife burnt his body while his soul was away, so that when he came back he found that he had been clandestinely killed during his absence. Nor has the delusion been confined to individuals; for, in 1373, a sect of fanatics arose at Aix la-Chapelle, whose creed consisted mainly in dancing, and who, after committing unheard-of crimes, were overpowered and slain by the Elector; and thus, says Prynne, "were sent down to dance with frisking satyrs." The records of the Jumpers and dancing Dervishes furnish similar instances of fanaticism. While we are talking of barbarous and fanatical people, it is curious to observe that the lower any race is in the scale of humanity, the more enamored are they of this amusement. Gallini says, that if one plays a fiddle at the Gold Coast, the inhabitants cannot refrain from dancing. In all savage nations the practice prevails, frequently accompanied with great cruelty and licentiousness. In Ashantee no less than one thousand five hundred persons stand up at once—the king in the midst, beating time on the tom tome, and killing anybody who spoils the figure. The Mexicans likewise dance in large numbers to the sound of wooden drums. The Japanese daub one of their party with filth before commencing a difficult dance, and place him where it requires much address to avoid a disagreeable contact. The Malays, instead of bowing, spit upon their partners' hands when the music strikes up.—*Peripatetic Papers.*

Introduction of Carpets.—Carpets were known in Italy much earlier than in England; in the latter country, indeed, they were not adapted to the habits of the people in the reign of Elizabeth, and we find that even the presence-chamber of that Queen was, according to Hentzner, strewed with hay, by which he meant rushes. The custom was not confined to England, but prevailed even in Italy after carpets had been first introduced. The use of rushes for covering floors, is alluded to frequently by Shakspeare; in Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Scene 4, the following lines occur:

"Let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels."

And Grumio asks, in the Taming of the Shrew, Act 4, Scene 1—

"Are the rushes strewed?"

Woman's Rights in the Old Time.—Some of our modern wife-bruisers and woman-scorners might find a gospel for them in the following stanzas. They are cut from an English ballad, called "Old Adam," written two centuries ago:—

She was not took out of his head, sir,
To reign and triumph over man;
Nor was she took out of his feet, sir,
By man to be trampled upon.

But she was took out of his side, sir,
His equal and partner to be;
But as they're united in one, sir,
The man is the top of the tree.

The Father of the Revolution.—Nothing yet has appeared of Samuel Adams worthy of his exalted merits. He was the great representative revolutionary man of New England, whose soul was on fire, not for self, but for the cause; and full ten years before this 1776 oration, he was the earnest and untiring advocate of Independence. "All good men," wrote his compatriot, George Clymer, of Pennsylvania, in 1776, "should raise a statue to him in their hearts." So early did his fame spread!—*Boston Post.*

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Several dresses adapted for spring walking costume are now being made up. One, just completed, is composed of violet color silk figured with very narrow black chequers. The skirt is trimmed with three flounces having no ornament of any kind upon them. The corsage is without a basque, but the top flounce is set in at the waist; the corsage is fastened up the front with passementerie grelots, and the sleeves are trimmed with three frills. A cloak of black silk will be worn out of doors with this dress. The cloak fits the figure rather closely at the back, and from the waist descends a deep frill. Two rows of narrow passementerie trimming are placed near the edge of the frill, and quite at the edge is suspended a broad row of black silk fringe. The cloak has sleeves, which are very wide at the lower part, and fitting rather closely to the arm at the top. They are trimmed with fringe and rows of passementerie. A bonnet of fancy straw, trimmed with green ribbon and green and white flowers, completes the costume.

Dresses of plain silk and poplin, having no trimming on the skirt, are worn, in a quiet style of out door costume, and they are also very suitable for young ladies.

The most fashionable children's costumes recently prepared, include a little dress of green chequered poplin, destined for a girl of seven years of age. There is no trimming on the skirt. The corsage is half high, and is worn with a muslin chemisette, ornamented with needlework insertion, and reaching to the throat. The corsage is trimmed with *revers*, and has a small basque. The sleeves are plain, and descend to about the elbow, the lower part of the arm being covered by muslin under-sleeves, closed at the wrist, and consisting of three puffs, separated by bands of needlework insertion.

A dress of black and white chequered silk, intended for slight mourning, has been made for a little girl of ten. The skirt is plain, but very full, and the corsage has a double basque, trimmed with bretelles, edged with black velvet, and in the front there are horizontal rows of black velvet. A bow of the silk composing the dress, bordered with black velvet, is placed at the back of the waist.

Of many elegant dresses worn at a recent evening party, one which excited a great share of admiration consisted of silk of a bright pomona green, trimmed with black lace. The skirt was trimmed with flounces of lace, and the flounces were sustained by having under them a bouillonne of green tulle. The corsage was ornamented by a double berthe of black lace, trimmed with sprays of foliage, intermingled with red berries, and the short sleeves were trimmed with frills of lace. In the hair were worn bouquets of red berries and flowers, with foliage intermingled. The bracelets consisted of coral, and the fan, of green silk, was ornamented with gold spangles, and edged with green marabout feathers. A black lace scarf thrown on the shoulders completed the costume.

Among the novelties in bonnets which have appeared within the last few days, may be mentioned one composed of blue crape, trimmed with frills of blonde, and on one side a tuft of blue ostrich feathers. In the inside, bouquets of forget-me-not are intermingled with the trimming. Another bonnet consists of crape of three different tints of green, and is trimmed with blonde and violets. The strings are of ribbon figured in three different tones of green. For plain or neglige walking costume, bonnets of fancy and colored straw are most suitable, as well as fashionable. We may mention that green is this season a fashionable color for trimming bonnets and for dresses.—*London Lady's Paper, May 2nd.*

Chinese Amazement at our Fashions.—Europeans who go to China are apt to consider the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire very odd and supremely ridiculous, and the provincial Chinese at Canton and Macao pay back this sentiment with interest. It is very amusing to hear their sarcastic remarks on their appearance and their utter astonishment at the sight of the tight fitting garments, their wonderful trousers and prodigious round hats like chimney pots, the shirt collars adapted to cut off the ears and making a frame around such grotesque faces, with long noses and blue eyes, no beard or moustache, but a handful of curly hair on each cheek. The shape of the dress-coat puzzles them about everything. They try in vain to account for calling it a half garment, because it is impossible to make it meet over the breast, and because there is nothing in front to correspond with a tail behind! They admire the judgment and exquisite taste of putting buttons behind the back where they never have anything to button. How much handsomer do they think themselves with their narrow, oblique, black eyes, high cheek bones, and little round noses, their shaved crowns and magnificent pigtails, hanging almost to their heels! Add to all these natural graces a conical hat covered with red fringe, an amber tunic with large sleeves, and black satin boots with white soles, of immense thickness, and it must be evident to all that a European cannot compare in appearance with an inhabitant of the Celestial Empire.

Eating in Ancient Greece.—The breakfast of a Greek soldier, taken at dawn of day, consisted of bread soaked in wine. Greek patricians sat down daily to but one solid meal; soldiers and plebeians partook of two. They were accounted peculiarly coarse people who consumed three. The Romans were in this respect similar to the Greeks.

Fish did not become a popular article of food in Greece until a comparatively late period, when there was a society against "cruelty to fish," by abstaining from devouring what was alleged to make the devourer ferocious and inhuman. With Romans the mullet was prized above all other fish. It was sometimes served up at pounds in weight, and such a fish was worth three hundred dollars! It was cooked on the table, for the benefit and pleasure of the guests. Turbot was next highest in estimation, and occasionally offending slaves were thrown into the ponds to feed them.

The Antiquity of the Umbrella.—The umbrella is an article of great antiquity. It is found among the decorations of the ruins of Persepolis. They were a sign of high rank among the Greeks. Originally they were shades from the sun, but the moisture of our climate has made us turn them into shelters from rain.

The Six Follies of Science.—These are usually said to be the following:—The quadrature of the circle; the establishment of perpetual motion; the philosopher's stone, or transmutation of metals; divination or discovery of secrets by magic; and lastly, judicial astrology.

DAY DREAMING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

I have sweet dreams to-day,
Of a dear home that shall, some time, be ours,
All nestled down among the trees and flowers
From scenes of strife away.

I would not have it stand
Where brick and mortar palaces are made,
And marble domes, fantastical arrayed,
Seem wonderfully grand.

But in some quiet spot,
Where emerald valleys sleep between the hills,
'Mid shady groves and gently murmuring rills,
There would I build our cot.

E'en now I seem to see
Its vine-wreathed porch, and unpretending walls,
Where the clear flooding summer sunlight falls,
All gloriously free!

Nor fancy resteth there:
I wander through a garden green and neat,
And gather berries, dewy fresh and sweet,
To grace our table fair.

And then, with my own hands,
Arrange the china on the cloth of white,
And watch the hissing tea-urn, polished bright,
That on the fender stands.

While toward the little gate
An anxious, oft-repeated glance is cast,
Until the approaching form is near at last,
Whose coming back I wait.

Oh, none but wedded hearts
Can know the pure, deep, inly-thrilling bliss
That a reunion, such as one as this,
Unto the soul imparts!

I know that storms may rise,
Yet even this shall not disturb my dream,
For ever as I see the blessed gleam,
The light of loving eyes.

Though all be dark without,
Have I not looked into the Future's glass?
And that these prophecies will come to pass,
I do not have a doubt.

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR WITH MEXICO.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CONDENSED STATEMENT OF THE PLOT OF "THE WAR TRAIL" UP TO THE PRESENT ISSUE. In order to enable new subscribers to the Post, to go on with "The War Trail" understandingly, we give the following brief summary of the previous chapters:—

The scene opens on the plaza of a small Mexican hamlet on the banks of the Rio Bravo del Norte, where a troop of American rangers, with their commander, the narrator of the story, Captain Warfield, are on picket. While the Captain is musing on the singular character of the war with Mexico, then commenced, his attention is attracted by a young Mexican rider galloping by, who, when challenged, refused to rein up. Springing upon his horse, the Captain starts in pursuit, and after a hard chase gets within pistol distance, and shoots the steed of the Mexican, when he discovers the latter to be a young and beautiful woman. A colloquy ensues in which she is found to be Isolina de Vargas, the daughter of Don Ramon de Vargas, the wealthy owner of an adjacent hacienda. The colloquy is broken off by the approach of Rafael Ijurra, a villainous Mexican, Isolina's cousin, and a suitor for her hand. The next day, Captain Warfield receives an order from the Adjutant General, commanding him to proceed with a sufficient number of troops to the hacienda of Don Ramon de Vargas, and there find and drive in the American camp, 5,000 head of beeves. The beeves have been purchased from Don Ramon by secret contract, and in order to prevent any appearance of complicity between him and the Americans, Captain Warfield is to seem to take them by force, and receives a private note of instruction to this effect from Don Ramon himself. This note he happens to lose in the courtyard of the hacienda, while executing his commission, and it falls into the hands of Ijurra, thus placing Don Ramon at his (Ijurra's) mercy. While in the court-yard, Warfield's lieutenant, Hollingsworth, recognizes in Ijurra the murderer of his brother, and a desperate encounter ensues, ending, however, in the escape of the Mexican. Afterwards, Warfield, desperately in love with Isolina, meets her at a ball, converses with her, and is roused to jealousy at seeing her subsequently in company with Ijurra. The next morning, however, he receives a note from her containing a virtual avowal of her love for him, and a request that he should capture a wild stallion, known among hunters and trappers as the white steed of the prairies, and supposed to be a phantom horse. Warfield sets out on the mission with an exulting heart, finds the wild steed, and after a desperate race, comes up with it, and sees it vanish before his eyes on the open prairie. Presently he discovers that the mystery is only seeming. At the point where the white steed had disappeared, he finds a fissure in the prairie, leading down to a deep chasm, and knows that by this route, the steed had escaped him. Lost on the prairie, he gets into a fight with a grizzly bear, kills his antagonist, is half killed himself, and swoons away. In this sorry plight he is found by two old comrades, Bill Garey and "Old Rube," both trappers of the most graphic description, who had seen him chasing the white steed, recognized him, and having learned from a Mexican guide sent out by Isolina in search of him, that it was for her he was pursuing the steed, had followed on his trail, fearing he might get lost, and only reached him after his fight with the bear. To his great satisfaction he finds that they have secured the white steed, which he sees picketed with their horses. Thus the object of his chase is won. Various exciting incidents of prairie-life ensue, and finally the trio fall in with a band of Mexican guerillas, come out in pursuit of Warfield, and having among them the jealous and blood-thirsty Ijurra. A proposition is made to the trappers to deliver up Warfield, which they scornfully refuse, and hold the Mexicans at bay. At length the three manage to gain a gigantic box-shaped rock, called a mesa, set in the middle of the prairie, at the foot of which they fortify themselves, still keeping the entire troop of Mexicans at a safe distance. Environed by their foes in front, and the steep rock rising behind them, they contrive, when the night falls, to scale the cliff, leaving their horses below. Once on the summit of the mesa, their purpose is to descend on the other side. Old Rube attempts the descent by a rope formed of their lassoes tied together, which breaks midway, and lets him fall to the ground. Unhurt, however, and undiscovered by the reconnoitering Mexicans on the other side of the cliff, he escapes to the settlements to fetch on Warfield's rangers to the rescue. Garey and Warfield are left on the summit of the cliff, and, at the commencement of the following chapter, Ijurra and the Mexicans below have received a reinforcement of thirty men.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE INDIAN SPY.

It was past the hour of midnight. The lightning, that for some time had appeared only at long intervals, now ceased altogether. Its fitful glare gave place to a softer, steadier light, for the moon had arisen, and was climbing up the eastern sky. Cumulus clouds still hung in the heavens, slowly floating across the canopy; but their masses were detached, and the azure firmament was visible through the spaces between. The beautiful planet Venus, and here and there a solitary star, twinkled in those blue voids, or seemed through the filmy bordering of the clouds; but the chiefs of the constellations alone are visible. The moon's disc was clear and all defined, whiter from contrast with the dark cumuli; and her beam frosted the prairie till the grass looked hoar. There was neither mist nor mirage; the electric fluid had purged the atmosphere of its gases, and the air was cool, limpid, and bracing. Though the moon had passed the full, so brilliant was her beam, that an object could have been distinguished far off upon the plain, whose silvery level extended on all sides to the horizon. The thick black clouds, however, moving silently over the sky, occasioned long intervals of eclipse, during which the prairie, as before, was shrouded in sombre darkness.

Up to this time, Garey and I had remained by the head of the little gorge, through which we had ascended. The moon was behind us, for the guerilla was on the western side of the mesa. The shadow of the mound was thrown far out upon the plain, and just beyond its well-defined edge was the line of sentinels, thickly posted. On our knees among the low shrubbery, we were unseen by them, while we commanded a perfect view of the whole troop, as they smoked, chattered, shouted, and sang—for they gave such tokens of their jovial humor.

After quietly watching them for some time Garey left me to take a turn round the summit, and reconnoitre the opposite or eastern side. In that direction lay the rancheria; and if the picket was still stationed there, we might soon expect the rescue. My rangers were not the men to tarry, called forth on such a purpose; and, under Rube's guidance, they would be most likely to make their approach by the rear of the mound. Garey, therefore, went in that direction to make his reconnaissance.

He had not parted from me more than a minute, when a dark object out upon the plain attracted my glance. I fancied it was the figure of a man; it was prostrate and flattened against the ground, just as Old Rube had appeared when making his escape! Surely it was not he? I had but an indistinct view of it, for it was full six hundred yards from the mesa, and directly beyond the line of the guerrilleros. Just then a cloud crossing the moon's disc, shrouded the plain, and the dark object was no more visible.

I kept my eyes fixed on the spot, and waited for the returning light. When the cloud passed, the figure was no longer where I had at first noticed it; but nearer to the horsemen I perceived the same object, and in the same attitude as before! It was now within less than two hundred yards of the Mexican line, but a bunch of tufted grass appeared to shelter it from the eyes of the guerrilleros, as none of them gave any sign that it was perceived by them. From my elevated position, the grass did not conceal it. I had a clear view of the figure, and was certain it was the body of a man, and, still more, of a *naked* man, for it glistened under the sheen of the moonlight, as only a naked body would have done.

Up to this time I had fancied, or rather *feared*, it might be Rube, I say feared—for I had no wish to see Rube, upon his return, present himself in that fashion. Surely he would not come back alone? And why should he be thus playing the spy, since he already knew the exact position of our enemy?

The apparition puzzled me, and I was for a while in doubt. But the *naked* body reassured me. It could not be Rube. The skin was of a dark hue, but so was that of the old trapper. Though born white, the sun, dirt, gunpowder, and grease, with the smoke of many a prairie-fire, had altered Rube's complexion to the true copper-tint; and in point of color, he had but little advantage over a full-blood Indian. But Rube would not have been naked; he never doffed his buckskins. Besides, the oily glitter of that body was not Rube's; his "hide" would not have shone so under the moonlight. No; the prostrate form was not his.

Another cloud cast new shadows; and while these continued, I saw no more of the skulking figure. As the moon again shone forth, I perceived that it was gone from behind the tuft of grass. I scanned the ground in the immediate neighborhood. It was not to be seen; but on looking further out, I could just distinguish the figure of a man, bent forward and rapidly gliding away. I followed it with my eyes until it disappeared in the distance, as though it had melted into the moonlight.

While gazing over the distant plain in the direction whence the figure had retreated, I was startled at beholding, not one, but many forms dimly outlined upon the prairie edge.

"It was Rube," thought I; "and yonder are the rangers!"

I strained my eyes to their utmost. They were horsemen beyond a doubt; but to my astonishment, instead of being close together, one followed another in single file, until a long line was traced against the sky like the links of a gigantic chain. Except in the narrow defile, or the forest path, my rangers never rode in that fashion. It could not be them?

At this crisis, a new thought came into my mind. More than once in my life had I witnessed a spectacle similar to that now under my eyes—more than once had I looked upon it with dread. That serried line was an old acquaintance; it was a band of Indian warriors on their midnight march—upon the war-trail!

The actions of the spy were explained; he was an Indian runner. The party to whom he belonged was about to approach the mesa—perhaps with the design of encamping there—he had been sent forward to reconnoitre the ground.

What effect his tale would have, I could not guess. I could see that the horsemen were halted—perhaps awaiting the return of their messenger. They were too distant to be seen by the Mexicans: and the minute after, they were also invisible to my eyes upon the darkly shadowed prairie.

Before communicating with Garey, I resolved to wait for another gleam of moonlight, so that I might have a more distinct story to tell.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE TRIANGULAR FIGHT.

It was nearly a quarter of an hour before the cloud moved away; and then, to my surprise, I saw a clump of horses—not *horsemen*—upon the prairie, and scarcely half a mile distant from the mesa! Not one of them was mounted, and to all appearance, it was a drove of wild-horses that had galloped up during the interval of darkness, and were now standing silent and motionless.

ISOLINA IN THE GLADE.

I strained my eyes upon the distant prairie, but the dim horsemen were no longer to be seen. They must have ridden off beyond the range of vision!

I was about to seek my comrade and communicate to him what had passed, when, on rising to my feet, I found him standing by my side. He had been all around the summit without seeing aught, and had returned to satisfy himself that the guerilla was still quiet.

"Hillow!" he exclaimed, as his eyes fell upon the *caballada*. "What the darnation's yonder? A drove o' wild hosses? It's mighty strange them niggers don't notice 'em! By the eternal—"

I know not what Garey meant to have said. His words were drowned by the wild yell that broke simultaneously from the Mexican line; and the next moment the whole troop were seen springing to their saddles, and putting themselves in motion.

We of course supposed that they had just discovered the caballada of wild horses, and it was that that was producing this sudden stampede.—What was our astonishment on perceiving that we ourselves were the cause of the alarm; for the guerrilleros, instead of fronting the plain, rode closer up to the cliff, and screaming wildly, fired their carbines at *us*! Among the rest, we could distinguish the great gun of El Zorro, and the hiss of its leaden bullet, as it passed close to our ears!

We were puzzled at first to know how they had discovered us. A glance explained that the moon had risen higher in the heavens, and the shadow cast by the mound had been gradually foreshortened. While gazing out at the caballada, we had incautiously kept our feet, and our figures, magnified to gigantic proportion, were thrown forward upon the plain directly under the eyes of our enemies. They had but to look up to see us where we stood.

Instantly we knelt down among the bushes, clutching our rifles. The surprise occasioned by our appearance upon the cliff seemed to have deprived our enemies, for the moment, of their habitual prudence, as several of them rode boldly within range. Perhaps they were some of the late arrivals. In the dark shadow, we could not make out their forms; but one had the misfortune to be mounted on a white horse, and that guided the trapper's aim. I saw him glancing along his barrel, and heard the sharp crack. I fancied I heard a stifled groan from below, and the next moment the white horse was seen galloping out into the moonlight, but the rider was no longer upon his back.

Another cloud passed over the moon, and the plain was again shrouded from our sight. Garey was proceeding to reload, when a cry arose amid the darkness, that caused him to pause and listen. The cry was again repeated, and then uttered continuously with that wild intonation which can alone proceed from the throat of the savage. It was not the guerrilla that was uttering that cry; it was the yell of the Indian warrior.

"Comanche war-hoop!" cried Garey, after listening a moment. "Comanche war-hoop! by the eternal! Hooraw! the Injuns are upon 'em!"

Amidst the cries, we could hear the rapid trampling of horses, and the ground appeared to vibrate under the quick, heavy tread. Each moment the strokes sounded nearer.

The savages were charging the guerrilla!

The moon shot forth from the cloud. There was no longer a doubt. The wild horses were mounted; each carried an Indian, naked to the waist, his painted body glaring red in the moonlight, and terrible to behold.

By this time the Mexicans had all mounted, and faced towards the unexpected foe, but with evident signs of irresolution in their ranks. They would never stand the charge—no, never! So said Garey; and he was right.

The savages had advanced within less than a hundred paces of the Mexican line, when they were observed to pull suddenly up. It was but a momentary halt—just time enough to enable them to mark the formation of their foes, and send a flight of arrows into their midst. That done, they dashed onward, uttering their wild yells, and brandishing their long spears.

The guerrilleros only waited to discharge their carbines and escopettes; they did not think of reloading. Most of them flung away their guns as soon as they had fired, and the retreat began. The whole troop turned its back upon the enemy, and spurring their horses to a gallop, came sweeping round the base of the mesa in headlong flight.

The Indians, uttering their demoniac yells, followed as fast. They were rendered more furious that their hated foe was likely to escape them. The latter were indebted to us for having put them on the alert. But for that circumstance, the Indians would have charged them while dismounted, and far different might have been their fate. Mounted and ready for flight, most of them would probably get clear.

The moment we saw the direction the chase was about to take, Garey and I rushed across the summit to that side. From the brow of the precipice, our view was perfect, and we could see both parties as they passed along its base directly below us. Both were riding in straggling clumps, and scarcely two hundred paces separated the rearmost of the pursued from the headmost of the pursuers. The latter still uttered their war-cry, while the former now rode in silence—their breath bound, and their voices hushed in the death-like stillness of terror.

All at once a cry arose from the guerilla—short, quick, and despairing—the voice of some new consternation; at the same moment, the whole troop were seen to pull up.

We looked for the cause of this extraordinary conduct; our eyes and ears both guided us to the explanation. From the opposite direction, and scarcely three hundred yards distant, appeared a band of horsemen coming up at a gallop.—They were right in the moon's eye, and we could see glancing arms, and hear loud voices. The hoofs could be heard pounding the prairie, and my companion and I recognized the heavy tread of the American horse. Still more certain were we about that hoarse "hurrah." Neither Indian nor Mexican could have uttered that well-known shout.

"Hooraw!—the rangers!" cried Garey, as he echoed the cry at the full pitch of his voice.

The guerrilleros, stupefied by surprise at sight of this new enemy, had paused for a moment—no doubt fancying it was another party of Indians. Their halt was of short duration; the dim light favored them; rifles already played upon their ranks; and suddenly wheeling to the left, they struck out into the open plain.

The Indians, seeing them turn off, leaned into the diagonal line to intercept them; but the rangers, already close up, had just made a similar movement, and savage and Saxon were now obliquing towards each other!

The moon, that for some minutes had been yielding but a faint light, became suddenly eclipsed by a cloud, and the darkness was now greater than ever. Garey and I saw no more of the strife; but we heard the shock of the opposing bands; we heard the war-whoop of the savage mingling with the ranger's vengeful shout; we heard the "crack, crack, crack" of yager rifles, and the quick detonations of revolvers—the clashing of sabre-blades upon spear-shafts—the tearing of breaking steel—the neighing of steeds—the victor's cry of triumph—and the deep, anguished groan of the victim.

With anxious hearts, and nerves excited to their utmost, we stood upon the cliff, and listened to these sounds of dread import.

Not long did they last. The fierce struggle was soon over. When the moon gleamed forth again, the battle was ended. Prostrate forms, both of man and horse, were lying upon the plain.

Far to the south, a dark clump was seen disappearing over the prairie's edge; it was the cowardly guerrilla. To the west, horsemen galloped away, alone, or in straggling groups; but the cheer of triumph that reached us from the scene of strife told us who were the masters of the ground. The Rangers had triumphed.

"Whur ar ye, Bill?" cried a voice from the bottom of the cliff, which both of us easily recognized.

"Hyar I be," answered Garey.

"Wal, we've gin them Injuns goss, I reck'n; but cuss the luck, the yeller-bellies have got clur off. Wagh!"

CHAPTER XLIII.

A CHAPTER OF EXPLANATIONS.

The fight could not have lasted more than ten minutes. The whole skirmish had the semblance of a moonlight dream, interrupted by interludes of darkness. So rapid had been the movements of the forces engaged, that after the first fire not a gun was reloaded. As for the guerrilleros, the Indian war-cry seemed to have shaken the pieces out of their hands, for the ground where they had first broken off was literally strewed with carbines, escopettes and lances. The great gun of El Zorro was found among the spoils.

Notwithstanding the shortness of the affair, it proved sufficiently tragical to both Mexicans and Indians; five of the guerrilleros had bit the dust, and twice that number of savage warriors lay lifeless upon the plain—their bodies glaring under the red war paint, as if shrouded in blood.—The Mexicans lay near the foot of the mesa, having fallen under the first fire of the Rangers, delivered as they galloped up. The Indians were farther out upon the plain, where they had dropped to the thick, rapid detonations of the revolvers, that, so long as the warriors held their ground, played upon them with fearful effect.—They may have heard of this weapon, and perhaps have seen a revolver in the hands of some trapper or traveller, but, to my knowledge, it was the first time they had ever encountered a band of men armed with so terrible a power to destroy; for the Rangers were indeed the first military organization that carried Colt's pistol into battle—the high cost of the arm having deterred the Government from extending it to other branches of the service.

Nor did the Rangers themselves come unscathed out of the fight; two had dropped dead out of their saddles, pierced by the Comanche's spear; while nearly a dozen were more or less severely wounded by arrows.

While Quachenbosa was climbing the cliff, Garey and I found time to talk over the strange incidents to which we had been witness. We were aided by explanations from below, but, without these, we had no difficulty in comprehending all. The Indians were a band of Comanches, as their war-cry had already made known to us. Their arrival on the ground at that moment was purely accidental, so far as we or the Mexicans were concerned; it was a war-party, and upon the war-trail, with the intention of reiving a rich Mexican town on the other side of the Rio Grande, some twenty leagues from the rancheria. Their spy had discovered the horsemen by the mesa, and made them out to be Mexicans—a foe which the lordly Comanche holds in supreme contempt. Not so contemptible in his eyes are Mexican horses, silver-studded saddles, spangled serapes, mangas of fine cloth, bell buttoned breeches, arms and accoutrements; and it was to sweep this paraphernalia that the attack had been made; though hereditary hatred of the Spanish race—old as the Conquest—and revenge for more recent wrongs, were of themselves sufficient motives to have impelled the Indians to their hostile attempt. All this we learned from one of their braves, who remained wounded upon the ground, and who, upon closer examination, turned out to be a *ci-devant* Mexican captive, now completely Indianized!

Fortunately for the Mexican town, the savages, thus checked, abandoned their design, and returned to their mountain fastnesses, sadly humbled.

The rest of the affair was still of easier explanation to Garey and myself. Rube, as we conjectured, had arrived safe at the rancheria; and in ten minutes after his story had been told, fifty Rangers, with Holingsworth at their head, rode rapidly for the mesa. Rube had guided them with his usual craft. Like the Indians, they had been moving forward during the intervals of darkness; but, coming in the opposite direction, they had kept the mound between them and their foe, and, trusting to this advantage, were in hopes of taking the guerrilleros by surprise. They had approached almost within charging distance, when the war-whoop of the savage sounded in their ears, and they were met by the retreating band. Knowing that all who came that way must be enemies, they delivered their fire upon the approaching horsemen, and then galloping forward, found themselves face to face with the painted warriors of the plains. The mutual surprise of Rangers and Indians, caused by the unexpected rencontre, proved a happy circumstance for the cowardly guerrilla, who, during the short halt of their double pursuers, and the confused fight that followed, were enabled to gallop off beyond reach of pursuit.

It was a curious conjecture what would have been the result, had the Rangers not arrived on the ground. Certainly the Indians would have rescued us from our not less savage foes. My companion and I might have remained undiscovered, but we should have lost our precious horses. As it was, we were soon once more upon their backs; and, free from all thought of peril, now joyfully turned our faces towards the rancheria.

Wheatley rode by my side. Holingsworth, with a party, remained upon the ground to collect the spoils, and bury our unfortunate comrades. As we moved away, I turned, and for a moment gazed back on the scene of strife. I saw Holingsworth dismounted on the plain. He was moving among the bodies of the five guerrilleros; one after another, he turned them over, till the moon glared upon their ghastly features. So odd were his movements, and so earnest did he appear, that one might have fancied him engaged in searching for a fallen friend, or more like some prowling robber intent upon stripping the dead! But neither object was his—on the contrary, he was searching for a foe. He found him not. After scanning the features of all five, he was seen to turn away, and the unconcerned manner in which he moved from the spot, told that he whom he sought was not among the slain.

"The news, Wheatley?"

"News, Cap? Grand news, by thunder! It appears we have been barking up the wrong tree—at least so thinks President Polk. They say we can't reach Mexico on this line; so we're all going to be drawn off, and shipped to some port further down the Gulf—Vera Cruz, I believe."

"Ah! grand news, indeed!"

"I don't like it a bit," continued Wheatley; "the less so since it is rumored that old 'Rough and Ready' is to be recalled, and we're to be commanded by that book martinet, Scott. It's shabby treatment of Taylor, after what the old vet has accomplished. They're afraid of him setting up for President next go. Hang their politics! It's a confounded shame, by thunder!"

I could partly understand Wheatley's reluctance to be ordered upon the new line of operations. The gay lieutenant was never troubled with ennui; his leisure hours he contrived to pass pleasantly enough in company with Conchita, the plump, dark-eyed daughter of the alcalde; more than once I had unwittingly interrupted them. The rancheria, with its mud huts and dusty lanes, in the eyes of the Texan, was a city of gilded palaces, its streets paved with gold. It was Wheatley's heaven, and Conchita was the angel who inhabited it. Little as either he or I had liked the post at first, neither of us desired a change of quarters.

As yet, no order had arrived to call the picket in, but my companion affirmed that the camp-rumor was a substantial one, and believed that we might expect such a command at any moment.

"What say they of me?" I inquired.

"Of you, Cap? Why, nothing. What do you expect them to say of you?"

"Surely there has been some talk about my absence?"

"Oh, that! No, not a word, at least at head-quarters, for the simple reason, that you're not yet reported missing."

"Ah! that is good news; but how—"

"Why, the truth is, Holingsworth and I thought we might serve you better by keeping the thing dark—at all events, till we should be sure you were dead lost. We hadn't given up all hope. The greaser who guided you out, brought back word that two trappers had gone after you. From his description, I knew that queer old case Rube, and was satisfied that if anything remained of you, he was the man to find it."

"Thanks, my friend! you have acted well; your discreet conduct will save me a world of mortification."

"No other news?" I inquired after a pause.

"No," said Wheatley; "none worth telling. Oh, yes!" he continued, suddenly recollecting himself, "there is a bit. You remember those hang-dog greasers that used to loaf about the village when we first came? Well, they're gone, by thunder! every mother's son of them clean *vamosed* from the place, and not a grease-spot left of them. You may walk through the whole settlement without seeing a Mexican, except the old men and the women. I asked the alcalde where they had cleared to; but the old chap only shook his head, and drawled out his eternal 'Quien sabe?' Of course they're off to join some band of guerrillas. By thunder! when I think of it, I wouldn't wonder if they were among that lot we've just scattered. Sure as shootin, they are! I saw Holingsworth examine the five dead ones as we rode off. He'll know them, I guess, and can tell us if any of our old acquaintances are among them."

Knowing more of this matter than Wheatley himself, I enlightened him as to the guerrilleros and their leader.

"Thought so, by thunder! Rafael Ijurra! No wonder Holingsworth was so keen to start—in such a hurry to reach the mound, he forgot to tell me who we were after. Deuce take it! what fools we've been to let these fellows slide. We should have strung up every man of them when we first reached the place—we should, by thunder!"

For some minutes, we rode on in silence. Twenty times a question was upon my lips, but I refrained from putting it, in hopes that Wheatley might have something more to tell me—something of more interest than aught he had yet communicated. He remained provokingly silent.

With the design of drawing him out, I assumed a careless air, and inquired:

"Have we had no visitors at the post? Any one from the camp?"

"Not a soul," replied he, and again relapsed into meditative silence.

"No visitors whatever? Has no one inquired for *me*?" I asked, determined to come boldly to the point.

"No," was the discouraging reply. "Oh, stay; oh, ah—yes, indeed!" he added, correcting himself, while I could perceive that he spoke in a peculiar tone. "Yes, you *were* inquired for."

"By whom?" asked I, in a careless drawl.

"Well, that I can't tell," answered the lieutenant, in an evident tone of badinage; "but there appears to be *somebody* mighty uneasy about you. A slip of a Mexican boy has been backward and forward something less than a million of times. It's plain somebody sends the boy; but he's a close little shaver that same—won't tell either who sends him, or what's his business; he only inquires if you have returned, and looks dead down in the mouth when he's told no. I have noticed that he comes and goes on the *road that leads to the hacienda*."

The last words were spoken with a distinct emphasis. "We might have arrested the little fellow as a spy," continued Wheatley, in a tone of quiet irony, "but we fancied he might have been sent by some friend of yours."

The speaker concluded with another marked emphasis, and under the moonlight I could see a smile playing across his features. More than once I had "chaffed" my lieutenant about Conchita; he was having his revenge.

I was not in a mood to take offence; my companion could have taken any liberty with me at that moment—his communication had fallen like sweet music upon my ears, and I rode forward with the proud consciousness that I was not forgotten. Isolina was true.

Soon after, my eyes rested upon a shining object; it was the gilded vane of the little capilla, and beneath glistened the white walls of the hacienda, bathed in the milky light of the moon. My heart beat with strange emotions as I gazed upon the well-known mansion, and thought of the lovely jewel which that bright casket contained. Was she asleep? Did she dream? Of what—of whom, was she dreaming?

CHAPTER XLIV.

DUTCH LUCK IN A DIFFICULTY.

The soft, blue light of morning was just perceptible along the eastern horizon as we rode into the rancheria. I no longer felt hunger. Some of the more provident of the rangers had brought with them well-filled haversacks, and had made me welcome to the contents. From their canteens I had satisfied my thirst, and Wheatley as usual carried his free flask.

Relieved of the protracted strain upon my nerves of fear and vigil—I felt deadly weary, and, scarcely undressing, I flung myself upon my leathern *catre*, and at once fell asleep.

A few hours' repose had the desired effect, and restored both the strength of my body and the vigor of my mind. I awoke full of health and hope. A world of sweet anticipations was before me. The sky and fortune were both smiling.

I made my toilet with some care—my *desayuna* with less—and then, with lighted cigar, ascended to my favorite lounge on the azotea.

The beautiful captive was in the midst of a crowd, proudly curving his neck, as if conscious of the admiration he excited. The rangers, the poblanas, the hucksters of the plazza, even some sulky leperos stood near, gazing with wondering eyes upon the wild-horse.

"Splendid present!" thought I—"worthy the acceptance of a princess!"

It had been my intention to make the offering in person—hence the care bestowed upon my toilet. After more mature reflection, I abandoned this design. I was influenced by a variety of considerations—one, among others, being a delicate apprehension that a personal visit from me might compromise the family at the hacienda. The *patriotic* sentiment was every day growing more intense. Even the acceptance of a present was a dangerous matter; but the steed was not to be a gift—only a return for the favorite that had fallen by my hand—and I was not to appear in the character of a donor.

My sable groom, therefore, would convey the beautiful captive. Already the white lazo, formed into a halter, was adjusted around the animal's head, and the negro boy only awaited orders to lead him away.

I confess that at that moment I felt somewhat annoyed at the publicity *of* my affair. My rough rangers were men of keen intelligence. I could tell from some whispers that had reached me,

that one and all of them knew why I had gone upon the wild hunt, and I dreaded their good-humored satire. I would have given something at that moment to have rendered the steed invisible—to have been able to transport him to his destination, Venus-like, under cover of a cloud. I thought of waiting for the friendly shelter of night.

Just then, however, an incident occurred which gave me the very opportunity I wanted—a scene so ludicrous, that the steed was no longer the cynosure of admiring eyes. The hero of this scene was Elijah Quackenboss.

Of all the men in my band, "Dutch Lige" was the worst clad. Not that there was less money expended upon his outward man; but partly from his ungainly form, and louse, untidy habits, and more, perhaps, from the wear and tear caused by his botanizing excursions, a suit of broadcloth did not keep sound upon him for a week. He was habitually in tatters.

The skirmish of the night had been profitable to Lige; it was his true aim that had brought down one of the five guerrilleros. On his asserting this, his comrades had laughed at it as an idle vaunt; but Quackenboss proved his assertion to be correct by picking his bullet out of the man's body, and holding it up before their eyes. The peculiar bore of his rifle rendered the bullet easy of identification, and all agreed that Lige had shot his man.

By the laws of ranger-war, the spoils of this particular individual became the property of Quackenboss; and the result was, that he had shaken off his tattered rags, and now appeared in the plazza in full Mexican costume—comprising calzoneras and calzoncillos, sash and serape, jacket and glazed hat, botas with gigantic spurs,—in short, a complete set of ranchero habiliments!

Never was such a pair of legs incased in Mexican velveteens—never were two such arms thrust into the sleeves of an embroidered *jaqueta;* and so odd was the *tout ensemble* of the ranger thus attired, that his appearance in the plazza was hailed by a loud burst of laughter, both from his comrades and the natives who stood around.—Even the gloomy Indians showed their white teeth, and joined in the general chorus.

But this was not the end. Among other spoils, Lige had made capture of a Comanche mustang; and as his own war-horse had been for a long time on the decline, this afforded him an excellent opportunity for a remount. Some duty of the day had called him forth, and he now appeared in the plazza leading the mustang, to which he had transferred his own saddle and bridle. A fine, handsome horse it appeared. More than one of his companions envied him this splendid prize.

The laughter had scarcely subsided, when the order was given to mount; and with others, Quackenboss sprang to his horse. But his hips were hardly snug in the saddle, when the wicked Comanche "humped" his back, and entered upon a round of kicking which seemed to exhibit every pose and attitude of equestrian exercise. First his hind feet, then his fore ones, then all together, could be seen glancing in the air. Now a hoof whizzed past the ear of the affrighted rider, now a set of teeth threatened his thighs, while every moment he appeared in danger of being hurled with violence to the earth. The sombrero had long since parted from his head, and the rifle from his hand; and what with the flapping of the wide trowsers, the waving of the loose serape, the dancing of the steel scabbard, the distracted motion of the rider's arms, his lank streaming hair and look of terror—all combined to form a spectacle sufficiently ludicrous; and the whole crowd was convulsed with laughter, and the plazza rang with shouts of "Bravo!" "Well done, Lige!" "Hooraw for you, old beeswax!"

But what surprised his comrades, was the fact that Quackenboss still kept his seat. It was well known that he was the worst rider in the troop; yet despite all the doubling and flinging of the mustang, that had now lasted for several minutes, he was still safe in the saddle. He was winning golden opinions upon the strength of his splendid horsemanship! The rangers were being astonished.

All at once, however, this mystery was explained, and the cause of his firm seat discovered. One of the bystanders, sharper than the rest, had chanced to look under the belly of the mustang, and the next moment shouted out.

"Hoy! look yonder! by Goehorum, *his spurs are clinched!*"

All eyes were lowered, and a fresh peal of laughter broke forth from the crowd as they perceived that this was in reality the case.

Lige, upon mounting—under the suspicion that the mustang was disposed for a fling—had clutched firmly with his legs, and these, on account of their extreme length, completely enveloped the body of the animal, so that his heels met underneath. He had forgotten his new spurs, the rowels of which, six inches in diameter, irritated the mustang, and were no doubt the cause of such violent kicking. These, after a few turns, had got "locked," and of course held Quackenboss as firmly as if he had been strapped to the saddle. But as the rowels were now buried in the ribs of the mustang, the fierce brute, maddened with the pain, only grew more furious at each fling, and it was natural enough he should do his utmost to rid himself of so cruel a rider.

How long he might have kept up the pitching frolic before his involuntary tormentor could have freed himself, is a matter of conjecture. It would have been an unfortunate "fix" to have been placed in, alone upon the prairies,

Lige, however, found a compassionate bystander, who, having flung his lazo around the neck of the mustang, brought the spectacle to a termination.

CHAPTER XLV.

A LOVER ON THE TRAIL.

Taking advantage of the distraction caused by Quackenboss and his troubles, I despatched the black upon his interesting errand, and with no slight anxiety awaited the result.

From my position on the roof, I saw my messenger climb the hill, leading the proud steed, and saw them enter the great portal of the hacienda.

Promptly—almost directly—the groom came out again *without* the horse. The present had been accepted. So far well.

I counted the moments, till heavy footsteps were heard upon the escalera, and a shining black face rose over the roof.

There was no letter, no message beyond *"mil gracias."*

I felt a pang of chagrin. I had expected thanks more formal than this mere phrase of compliment.

My man appeared better satisfied. A gold *onza* gleamed in his purple palm—a handsome perquisite.

"By whom given?" I inquired.

"Golly, mass cap'n! De handsomest quade room gal dis nigga ever see guv it."

Beyond a doubt, Isolina herself was the donor! I could have broken the rascal's thick skull but that the queenly douceur gave proof of the satisfaction with which my offering had been received. Even on this trivial circumstance, I built my hopes of yet receiving a fuller meed of thanks.

Absorbed in these hopes, I continued to pace the azotea alone. It was a *dia de fiesta* in the rancheria. Bells had already commenced their clangor, and other notes of preparation fell upon the ear. The poblanos appeared in their gayest attire—the Indians in bright naguas, with red and purple threads twisted in their black hair; the denizens of the ranchitos were pouring into the plazza, and processions were being formed by the church; *jaranas* were twanging their guitar-like music; and pyrotechnic machines were set up at the corners of the streets. Tinsel-covered saints were carried about on the shoulders of painted maskers; and there were Pilate and the Centurion, and the Saviour—a spectacle absurd and unnatural; and yet a spectacle that may be witnessed every week in a Mexican village, and which, with but slight variation, has been exhibited every week for three centuries!

I had no eyes for this disgusting fanfaronade of a degrading superstition. Sick of the sight, wearied with the sounds, I had given orders for my horse to be saddled, intending to ride forth and seek repose for my spirit amid the silent glades of the chapparal.

While waiting for my steed, an object came under my eyes that quickened the beatings of my pulse: my gaze had been long turned in one direction—upon the hacienda of Don Ramon de Vargas.

Just then, I saw emerging from its gate, and passing rapidly down the hill, a horse with a rider upon his back.

The snow-white color of this horse, and the scarlet manga of the rider, both contrasting with the green of the surrounding landscape, could not escape observation even at that distance, and my eyes at once caught the bright object. I hesitated not to form my conclusion. It was the white steed I saw; and the rider—I remembered the manga as when first my eyes rested upon that fair form—the rider was Isolina. She was passing down the slope that stretched from the hacienda to the river bottom, and the minute after, the thick foliage of the platanus trees shrouded the shining meteor from my sight.

I noticed that she halted a moment on the edge of the woods, and fancied that she gazed earnestly towards the village; but the road she had taken led almost in the opposite direction.

I chafed with impatience for my horse. My resolve, made on the impulse of the moment, was to follow the white steed and his scarlet-clad rider.

Once in the saddle, I hurried out of the plazza, passed the ranchos of yucca, and reaching the open country, pressed my horse into a gallop.

My road lay up the river, through a heavily timbered bottom of gum and cotton woods. These were thickly beset with the curious *tillandsia*, whose silvery festoons, stretching from branch to branch, shrouded the sun, causing among the tree-trunks the obscurity of twilight.

In the midst of one of these shadowy aisles, I met or passed some one; I saw that it was a Mexican boy; but the sombre light, and the rapidity with which I was riding, prevented me from noting anything more. The lad shouted after me, uttering some words, which were drowned by the hoof-strokes of my horse. I deemed it some expression of boyish *esprit*, and, without heeding it, rode on. Not until far out of sight and hearing did it occur to me that I knew the voice and the lad. I recollected a sort of errand-boy attached to the hacienda, and whom I had seen more than once at the rancheria. I now remembered the bodinage of Wheatley, and would have returned to question the youth; but I had left him too far in the rear. After a moment's reflection, I spurred on.

I soon arrived at the base of the hill on which stood the hacienda; and here, leaving the main road, I followed a bridle-path that skirted the hill. A few hundred yards brought me to the spot where I had last observed the object of my pursuit. The hoof-track of the white horse now guided me, and upon the trail I entered the woods.

For some distance, it followed a well-trodden path—a cattle track—but all at once it diverged from this, and struck off into a heavily timbered bottom, where not the semblance of path existed. Keeping the trace in view, I rode after.

As I advanced, the timber grew thicker, and the path more difficult. A close underwood of arundinaria and sabal palms shut up the way and the view; trailing roots obstructed progress below; while higher up, the trellis-work of lianas, bamboo briars, sarsaparilla, and gigantic grape-vines, rendered it necessary to bend down in the saddle in order to pass onward.

To my surprise, I noticed all this. For what purpose could she have chosen such a path? Was it indeed Isolina I had seen? A white horse and a scarlet manga are not uncommon things in Mexico. It might not be—— But the hoof-print——

I dismounted and examined it: I knew it at a glance—it was that of the noble steed, and the rider could be no other than Isolina de Vargas.

No longer in doubt, though still wondering, I followed the tracks. For a half mile or more, the path meandered through a thick forest, here turning around some giant trunk, there diverging to the right or left, to avoid the impervious network of canes and lianas.

At length it began to slope upwards; and I perceived by the ascent that I was climbing a hill. The woods became more open as I advanced—here and there alternating with glades—the trees were of slenderer growth, and the foliage lighter and thinner. I was no longer among the heavy trunks of platanus and liquid amber. The *leguminosæ* were the prevailing trees; and many beautiful forms of inga, acacia, and mimosa, grew around. Myrtles, too, mingled their foliage with wild limes, their branches twined with flowering parasites, as the climbing *combretum*, with its long flame-like clusters, convolvuli, with large white blossoms, and the beautiful twin-leaved bauhinia.

It was a wild garden of flowers—a shrubbery of nature's own planting. The eye, wandering through the vistas and glades, beheld almost every form of inflorescence. There were the trumpet-shaped bignonias—convolvuli in pendulous bells—syngenesists disposed in spreading umbels; and over them, closely set upon tall spikes, rose the showy blossoms of the bromelias—aloes and *dasylyrium*. Even from the tops of the highest trees hung gaudy catkins, wafted to and fro by the light breeze, mingling their sheen and their perfume with the floral *epiphytes* and parasites that clustered around the branches.

I could not help thinking that these flowers are gifted with life, and enjoy, during their short and transient existence, both pleasure and pain. The bright warm sun is their happiness, while the cold cloudy sky is the reflection of their misery.

As I rode onward, another reflection passed through my mind; it was caused by my perceiving that the atmosphere was charged with pleasant perfumes—literally loaded with fragrance. I perceived, moreover, that the same breeze carried upon its breath the sweet music of birds, whose notes sounded clear, soft, and harmonious.

What closet-slanderer hath asserted that the flowers of this fair land are devoid of fragrance—that its birds, though brightly plumed, are songless?

Ah, Monsieur Buffon! with all your eloquence, such presumptive assertion will one day strip you of half your fame. You could never have approached within two hundred paces of a *Stanhopea*, of the *epidendum odoratum*, of the *datura grandiflora*, with its mantle of snow-white blossoms! You could never have passed near the pothos plant, the serberce, and tabernæmontanæ, the callas, eugenias, ocotas, and nictiginas!—you could never have ridden through a chapparal of acacias and mimosas—among orchids whose presence fills whole forests with fragrant aromas!

And more, Monsieur! you could never have listened to the incomparable melody of the mock-bird—the full, charming notes of the blue song-thrush—the sweet warbling voices of the silvias, finches, and tanagers, that not only adorn the American woods with their gorgeous colors, but make them vocal with never-ending song!

No, Monsieur; you could never have inhaled the perfume of these flowers, nor listed to the melody of these sweet songsters; and sad it was of you, and silly as sad, to have yielded to the prejudice of a slender spirit, and denied their existence. Both exist—the singing birds and the fragrant flowers—both exist, and thou art gone.

On such reflections I dwelt but for a moment; they were merely the natural impressions of surrounding objects—short-lived sensations, almost instantaneously passing away. The soul, benighted with love, has neither eye nor ear for aught beyond the object of its passion. From the contemplation of that only does it derive pleasure; and even the fairest pictures of nature may be spread before it without challenging observation. It was only that the one through which I was passing was of such transcendent beauty—so like to some scene of paradise—that I could not help regarding it with momentary admiration.

But my eyes soon returned to the earth, and once more taking up the trace of the steed, I rode on.

I had advanced near the summit. The tracks were quite recent; the branches that had been touched by the flanks of the horse had not yet ceased to vibrate; the rider could not be far in advance. I fancied I heard the hoof-stroke.

Silently I pressed on, expecting every moment to catch the gleam of the scarlet manga, or the white sheen of the steed. A few paces farther, and both were under my eyes, glittering through the feathery frondage of the mimosas. I had followed the true track. The rider was Isolina.

I saw that she had halted. She had reached the top of the hill, where the growth of timber ceased. An opening of about an acre there was, surrounded on all sides by the flowery woods—the very *beau ideal* of a summer-glade. The open summit commanded a view of the surrounding country—for the hill was a high one—while the charming spot itself enjoyed perfect privacy and repose.

In this glade, she had drawn up, and was sitting silently in the saddle as if to enjoy the warbling of birds, the hum of the bees, and the fragrance of flowers.

I myself drew rein, and remained for some moments in a state of hesitancy, as to whether I should ride forward or go back. A feeling of shame was upon me, and I believe I would have turned my horse and stolen gently away, but just then I saw the fair rider draw forth from her bosom something that glittered in the sun. It was a watch, and she appeared to note the time. I observed that she looked anxiously over the tops of the low trees, in the direction of the plain below.

These circumstances, trivial as they might appear, produced within me a quick sense of pain. I felt as if hot steel was passing through my heart. I had ridden to my ruin—I had followed to be present at an assignation. Thus only could I explain the solitary ride, and by such difficult and devious paths; thus only could I account for the oft-repeated anxious glance, the ear acutely bent. Beyond a doubt, she was listening for the footsteps of a lover!

The rein fell from my fingers. I sat irresolute—I scarcely breathed—my heart felt cold and feeble—the birds mocked me—the parrots screeched his name—the *aras* in hoarse concert cried out *"Ijurra!"*

The name nerved me, as blood knits the sinews of the tiger. Once more my fingers closed upon my bridle, my feet became firm in the stirrups, and heart and arm swelled to their full strength. 'Twas but a light rapier that hung against my thigh—no matter; he might be no better weaponed; but even armed from head to heel, I feared him not. Three passions—hatred, jealousy, and revenge—supplied an arm of treble strength, and under the influence of these I felt bold and sure of conquest. Yes! I felt at that moment, as though I could have slain my hated rival with my naked hands.

I was no longer troubled with scruples of etiquette. No; this monster owed me satisfaction—life itself: he had striven to take mine; and now his should be forfeit to my vengeance. On that spot—even in her presence—should he die, or I myself become the victim. The two of us should never go thence alive. "Oh, that he may reach the ground while my blood is thus hot, and my hand ready!"

The fierce thoughts stirring within me must have roused my horse, for at that moment he tossed his head and neighed wildly. A response came like an echo from the glade, and the instant after, a voice called out:

"Hola! quien va?"

Concealment was no longer possible. I saw that I was observed; and, spurring my horse into the open ground, came face to face with Isolina.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GENERAL WASHINGTON seldom indulged in a joke, or a sarcasm, but when he did, he always made a decided hit. During the debate on the establishment of the Federal Army, a member of Congress offered a resolution limiting it to three thousand men, to which Washington suggested an amendment providing that *no enemy should ever invade the country with more than two thousand soldiers.* The laughter which ensued smothered the resolution.

THAT CURIOUS PEOPLE:

THE ANTS.

Long before the real natural history of ants was known, they did duty as models, examples, and illustrations for writers, both sacred and profane; often ignorantly, as in the ancient fable, which represented them as devoted to the science of political economy, and prefiguring the establishment of savings-banks; but always pleasantly—a pleasantness which a truer knowledge of their world and ways only augments and heightens.

Of course every one knows how ants and bees are taken to represent the two great sects of human politicians; how republicanism is made to find its antitype in the formic community, and monarchy its exemplar in the apisrian kingdom. But concerning this same republicanism, we have a word to say, which perhaps may give a different formula to the constitution of some of the pismires, and destroy their claim to be considered as belonging to the Reds. Anyhow, it will be proved that their republicanism, if it exist at all, is of the Spartan and oligarchic character, and the furthest possible removed from any modern notions of socialism.

To begin with: Who, among the Red ants, are those four, or five, or eight, or ten ladies surrounded by guards and courtiers, who all reside together in the same large chamber, for all the world, like an Eastern harem, solely occupied with the cares of futurity and the hopes of maternity? Wherever one of these royal ladies turns, she is received with respect and obedience; her guards, or rather her court, leap and dance before her with their antennæ, and talk to each other about her by means of the same organs. She is the centre of their world, the cynosure of their regards; and if you separate her from them, they soon form themselves into a dense body and enclose her in the midst. If you take her away altogether, they go mad outright. Their queens had once wings. One fine day they and their mates left the ant-hill, and flew up into the air. The ants—the workers, soldiers, and nurses—all followed them as far as they could, and as long as they remained in the neighborhood; and even after they had flown off, parties of scouts and guards scoured the country for—to them—miles round, waiting until one or more of the females should alight on the earth again; when, so soon as their feet touched the damp soil, their wings dropped off, and they were thenceforth under the care and jealous homage of the colony. As for the poor winged mates, their business in life was over. They might be entangled in spiders' webs, or fall into the ant lion's den, or be devoured by huge feathered monsters, or lie on the ground and die of hunger—not an ant of the whole hill would stir an antenna to console or give them a mouthful of food to support them. Their work was done; their day was over; their only business now was to die as quickly as might be, and rid the world of their woes. If the luckier spouse were to die, how different the treatment she would receive! Faithful attendants would lick and brush her lifeless corpse for days and days together; and it would be hard work to console them; impossible, indeed, if there were not others to whom they might transfer their allegiance, and their love. What is all this but a gynecocracy which brings to our minds the devotion of the days of chivalry—Lancelot du Lac, and all the rest of them?

Again: that lady and gentleman belonging to the White ants, carefully selected from a crowd of competitors, and kept by the community in the same kind of royal thraldom as the wingless ladies of the Red—also, like them, surrounded by guards and courtiers, and also occupied with the cares of futurity—what are they but elective monarchs, reigning on strictly constitutional principles, under the control and surveillance of their faithful commons? Then the slave-taking expeditions—when an army of Amazon or Legionary ants march out to the encampments of the Negro ants, attack, carry, and sack them, and return to their own city laden with slaves in embryo—what is this but republicanism, according to the charter of Lacedæmon? Is not the standing army, too, of some ants an institution anti-republican? and does not the violence and authority of command shown by individuals with more brains than the rest, to others less intelligent and more wilful, hinge on the great law of rule individual or by caste, which is never found in simple democracies, and always accompanies monarchies and oligarchies? We admit that there are arguments on the other side as well, for tribes and species differ in their national peculiarities. A party of Germans, Italians, Englishmen, and Cherokees are not more different, one from the other, than are the turf-ants and the wood-ants, the red ants and the white ants, the yellow ants and the negro ants, *cum multis aliis.* And though the rough draft of the various governments is much the same for all, yet there is a wide margin left for annotations and "amendments."

One of the strangest of the many strange phenomena connected with the ant-world is their battles. Two cities of the Wood ant, if situated within marching distance of each other, must needs go to war. It is part of their existence. Fine, large military roads, "diverging from the ant-hill like so many rays from a centre," lead out from and to each encampment. From morning to night, these roads are thickly peopled, apparently without any hostile feeling on the part of either tribe; but suddenly the war-hatchet is unburied, the pipe of peace is smoked out, and our Wood friends mutually arrange their battalions for a regular hand to-hand fight. They do their work with such fury that the ground is covered with the dead and dying; and so engrossed are they with the sublime duty of stifling with venom or mutilating and devouring each other, that they pay no attention even to a human foot, which may come down on the wings and outposts of their armies, and scrunch the warriors' bones beneath its tread. All the time of the battle, the civic business of the two colonies goes on undisturbed; and after the fight has lasted for a certain number of days, the war-hatchet is once more buried, the warriors cease to frequent the roads that lead to the hostile encampment, and the quiet of the city is undisturbed on the right hand and on the left.

But the ant battles are not always between two rival camps of the same tribe, nor yet always undertaken for prey and plunder when between different tribes. Sometimes two armies of different species, will fight from no other apparent cause than the love of fighting. Thus, the Herculean ant, nearly half an inch long—not known in England—and the Sanguine ant, only half its size, were watched by Huber in a deadly affray, all for no visible end. The Herculeans quitted the trunk of a tree where they had lodged themselves, and marched up to the very gates of the Sanguine city. The besieged acted on the defensive, and suffered themselves to be slaughtered without mercy. After the first brush, and while the Herculeans were taking breath, they transported all their valuables, eggs, grubs, pupæ, queens, &c., to a distance of fifty feet, under cover of outposts, placed at intervals, both to guard their retreat, and to ward off any sudden attack on the city itself. And when all was completed, the return-blow was struck, in which the Herculeans had the worst of it, as they deserved. The small Sanguine might often have been overpowered by the superior weight and size of its antagonist, had not its brethren in arms come to its assistance; and among them all, the formic Heracleidan either perished on the battle-field, or was conducted prisoner to the camp, there to be put to a cruel death. The Sanguine had the advantage in numbers, and numbers overcame strength.

The Sanguines are among the slaveholding populations, and harry and worry the poor Negro ants out of their existence, whenever they have the chance. The Negroes resist as long as they are able; but when they have fairly lost the field, they carry off as many of their pupæ and young females as they can; some even—more courageous than our stoutest heroes—will return alone, through the very thick of the sacking army, down to the chambers where lie the unconscious grubs and eggs, and endeavor to rescue one or more from the mandibles of the enemy. In the very beginning of the fray, they had placed as many of their treasures as they could carry in comparative safety on the covered side of the hill. These are the treasures they are carrying off now in full and rapid retreat, the Sanguine wretches chasing them virulently. The poor Negroes take kindly enough to servitude; and when their masters return home after a foray, bringing fresh prisoners even of their own tribe, they will caress and offer the robbers food, with an utter obliviousness of patriotism, and a sad facility of chain-bearing. But it must be remembered, in mitigation of our attempt, that adult Negroes are never captured; the slave-owners are too wise for that. They take them young, indeed before they are born, and so secure themselves against inconvenient reminiscences. The Negroes are the workers, the squaws, the hewers of wood and drawers of water, the nurses and factotums of their warrior-masters; while these huge, awkward, feckless fellows, sit at the bottom of their city waiting until another spell of soldiering calls them forth. Why, they cannot even feed themselves! The Negroes have actually to feed them; and as for taking care of their eggs or grubs, or building anything like a shelter for them or for themselves, they have about as much idea of that as a new-born baby! In one experiment that was made, when warriors, pupæ, and larvæ were all thrown together into a box, where there was both earth to build with, and honey to eat, the huge helpless men-of-war roamed about and about in a wild distracted sort of way, looking at their grubs, and evidently did not know what to do with them, though all their materials were at hand. They died, some of these great creatures, and would soon have all perished in the very lap of plenty, had not the experimenter let in one tidy, industrious, canny little Negro; and this creature, alone and unassisted, built cells for the young, fed the gasping warriors, arranged and smoothed and fashioned all into order, just like a dear little Ruth Pinch as she was, in the midst of a set of awkward, helpless giants. The Negroes build the city, feed the warrior-citizens, nurse the grubs, whether warrior-grubs or Negro: in short, do all the loving, careful, and intelligent work of the community, and are faithful and devoted to the death; but, like all indispensable and spoiled servants, they are dictatorial. They will not allow one of their robber-masters to leave the city alone, nor before the proper time of bloodshed and rapine has arrived; and if they return from a raid without the expected loft, the Negroes give them the cold shoulder; and, if very incensed, will not allow them to enter the city at all. If they dare to enter, dogged and sulky, the little Negroes drag them out again with a lantara that sends the crest-fallen buccaniers a-soldiering again, by their leave or without it.

Some ants keep not only Negroes, but also the eggs of the aphis, their cow, of which they take jealous and incessant care. Every one knows how an ant treats an aphis; how it goes sidling up to the fat, quiet thing, and caresses her with its antennæ, till cowey, in a fit of gratitude and pleasure, gives out her drop of honey-dew, which pismire laps up—ants *lap* when they drink, something like a cat—then strolls off to milk another aphis-cow by the like means. But every one does not know that ants wrestle and play together, like a couple of boys let loose from school. Huber found out that fact, as indeed he found out most of the secrets of the ant-hill. He went one day to his formicary of wood-ants, and saw at a glance that no work was being done that day; but he saw also, that they were all in a state of extraordinary excitement. A little attention showed him his ants dancing on their hind-legs, patting each other with their antennæ, in evident invitation to come out boys and girls to play, and playing, by seizing each other by a mandible, foot, or antenna; then wrestling with might and main, turning, closing again, hiding from each other, finding each other again; sometimes, when one was victor undoubtedly, he would attack many others in succession, overthrowing them all like nine-pins. Sometimes, too, especially the hill-ants, they amuse themselves by carrying each other pickaback, or in their mouths, as cats carry their kittens, or dogs their puppies. On graver occasions, as, for instance, if their pupæ and grubs are buried under the ruins of their invaded city, they may be seen digging them out from the wreck, and carrying them off, like the old St. Bernard dogs in the pictures, all snow and babies.

But our European ants are mere nobodies compared to the great white ant of India, that terrible fellow who will eat away the legs of your table in a night, and leave you only the simulacrum of a table, a superficial outside, a mere sham, as you find to your cost if you put anything on the top. The white ant lives chiefly on wood. He will excavate a tree, living or dead, a post, a table, a book-case, a cask of wine—and let all the wine out—the beams of a house; anything, in short, made of wood, will he gnaw his way into, leaving the outside intact, so that it is only by a luckless experiment that his depredations are found out. If he eats away the supporting beams, however, of a ceiling, or of anything which, that support being withdrawn, would fall and crush him on the spot, he ingeniously repairs his damage with a kind of cement he makes out of clay and earth; so that he literally turns wooden pillars into stone, filling in with cement all he destroys in wood. They make enormous nests five or six feet high; these nests, when only half finished, are strong enough to serve as stations for the wild bulls, the leaders of the herd, from whence they can better see their subjects feeding in the plain below. The Indians eat the white ants, and uncommonly good eating they are reported to be. One gastronome said that they were like sugared marrow; another, like sugared cream and sweet almonds—similes very exciting to one's organ of gustativeness. The white ants hoard up large magazines of tree-gums for their queens and their young to eat—gums of every shade of color and of every variety. Some white ants build their nests something like toad-stools—these are called turret-building; others build in trees; but the generality make their hill-nests, as we stated above, and construct covered-ways to wherever they want to go. So jealous are they of being seen, so modest, too, in their rapaciousness, that they will not eat in sight of day, but must needs be walled and vaulted in, like novices or odalisques. They are monstrously unpleasant neighbors—as bad as a remove or a fire for one's furniture. The carpenter ants are also exceedingly jealous of observation. They live in trees, and will not stay to be studied, not though bribes of honey or sugar be placed before their very mouths. The jet-ant is the most renowned of the carpenters; he dyes all his wood jet black, and makes a very dingy-looking city. But his carving is singularly delicate; and he constructs columns and arches, galleries, halls, and vestibules, like the best trained architect in London. The mason-ant understands the principle of the arch, as the bees know the value of the hexagonal cell. He can balance his grains and blocks without cement, so as to form a perfect vault, fashioned on correct mathematical principles.

Oh, the grand, the interesting world that lies at our feet, and skims above our heads! Oh, the wisdom, the intelligence, the beauty and the power, shown in the despised insect-races, which half the world crush under their feet, or brush shudderingly away! We know of no study more full of boundless interest than the study of entomology, than the reading, in small type, the words of eternal beauty, love, and wisdom, by which God made the world—none that we would recommend as a surer heal-all to the heart-sick and the weary, the loveless and the lovely! And the alpha of entomology we hold to be the ant-hill.

THE Pantheon was built by Agrippa, and consecrated to the Christian religion by Boniface IV. The rains of nearly two thousand years have fallen on its antique pavement of porphyry and yellow marble; yet little of its beauty, and not enough of its dirt, are washed away. But it declines towards the centre, and there are holes under the dome for the water to escape. The effect of looking down into the interior from outside the cupola is strange. It is said that Charles V. was conducted there by a young Roman, who told his father afterwards that he was tempted to throw the Emperor through the dome, to revenge the sack of Rome. "My son," said the sire, in a whisper, "such things as that should be *done*, not talked about."

☞ Modesty is the appendage of sobriety, and it is to chastity, to temperance, and to humility, as the fringes are to a garment.

☞ Lord Bacon said, on his death-bed, that "a little Philosophy would lead a man to Atheism, but a thorough insight into it would lead him back to Christianity."

☞ "You carry your head rather high," as the owl said to the giraffe, when he poked his nose into the belfry.

☞ More evil truths are discovered by the corruption of the heart than by the penetration of the mind.

☞ Leaves are light, and useless, and idle, and wavering, and changeable; they even dance; yet God, in His wisdom, has made them part of the oak. In so doing, He has given us lesson not to deny the stout-heartedness within because we see the lightsomeness without.—*Hare.*

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
R. B. JONES, EXCHANGE HOTEL,
No. 77 Dock Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		Whole carcass	1 @ 0
Roasting rib, ₩ lb	18 @25	*Veal.*	
Sirloin steak	16 @18	Fore quarter ₩ lb	
Rump do	12@16	Hind do	11
Chuck pieces	8 @12	Chop	12
Plates and Levels		Cutlet	14
Corned	6 @10	Sweetbread, each	10
Tongues, fresh,	45 @50	*Pork.*	
Leg, each,	31@37½	Young Pigs	$1 25 @1 75
Skin	2½ @00	Salt and fresh lb	10 @ 13
Kidney	2 @12½	Feet, ₩ set	12½ @ —
Liver ₩ lb	6½	Tripe, ₩ lb	4 @ —
Dried Beef ₩ lb	20	Lard do	12 @ 13
Lamb.		Hams, smoked	12@0 13
Fore quarter	75 @87½	Bologna Sausage	10 @ 12
Hind do	1 00 @1 12½	Fresh Sausage, lb	10 @ 12
Chop ₩ lb	2 @—	Puddings ₩ lb	10 @ 12
Calves Head, each	25 @31	Scrapple ₩ lb	8 @ 10
Mutton.		Spare Rib ₩ lb	10 @ 12
Leg, Loin, Chp ₩ lb	2 @10	Tender Loin ₩ lb	16 @ 18
Breast and Neck	6½ @ 8	Hogshead Cheese lb	10 @ 12
Young Lamb, whole	$3 @0		

VEGETABLES.

Turnips bkt	31 @ —	Corn potatoes bu	1 25 @1 40
do bl pk	— @ 10	Irish do bkt	37½ @ 50
Beets bunch	4 @ 5	do bl pk	6 @ 12
Cabbage bkt	2 00 @3 00	Sweet potat'e bkt	87 @1 00
do bl'd	10 @ 25	do pk	18 @ 20
Salad head	4 @ 10	Onions bus	— @2 50
Pickles bkt	2 @ 37	Carrots doz	— @ —
do bl pk	10@ 20	Asparagus ₩ bunch	5 @ 10
Lima Beans qt	12@ 15	Rhubarb ₩ bunch	5 @ —
Green Peas bush	$7	Green Mint ₩ bunch	3 @ —

FRUIT.

Apples ₩ bkt	62½@1 12½	Cranberries qt	12
do bl pk	12½ @ 25	Strawberries, quart,	8@ 12

POULTRY AND GAME.

Turkeys ₩ lb	15 @ 20	Quickens ₩ pair	1 @1 12
Turkeys each	75 @ 2 50	Sqb Pig'ns pr	28 @ 38
Spring Chickens ₩ pair	31 @ 87	Wild Pig'ns doz	1 00 @1 25
		Frogs doz	25 @ —

SHELLFISH.

Terrapin(South)doz	$4 @5 00	Oysters, Absecom, ₩ bar	37 @ 50
do (Ches & Del)	6 00@ 8 00	do ₩ M	4 00 @5 00
Lobsters lb	10 @ 12	Mt Riv Cove M	3 00 @3 50
Clams M	2 00 @2 50	N Y do ₩ bbl	10 00 @20 00

FISH.

Halibut lb	— @12	Perch bunch s	12 @25
Bass	6 @ 8	Catfish	6 @ —
Pickerel	— @ 8	Eels	6 @ 8
Flounders	— @ 8	Salt Shad lb	12
Cod	5 @ 8	" Mackerel	12
Blackfish	— @ —	Dry Cod	4 @ —
Smelts	12 @20	Smkd Herring bunch	—
White Fish	— @18	Fresh Shad each	75@1 50
Rock	8 @12½	Fresh Salmon lb,	$1,@a 1,25

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter lb	30 @40	Honey lb	20 @25
Roll do	20 @25	Apple Butter qt	18 @18
Eggs doz	16 @18	Pumpkins each	6 @12
Sponge cake	2		

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,
No. 109 Walnut Street,

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.			Phil Ger & Nor	60	6
U S 6 pr ct			Reading	43	
" " '62	112	—	" preferred	44	
" " '67	113	—	Minehill	61	
" " '68	114	—	Har & Lan	56	
" 5 " '65	107	—	Lancaster Val	45	
Phila 6 pr ct	97½	98	Texas	12	
" " new	96½	97	" preferred	20	
" 5 "	—	—	P W & Balt	20	
Cam City 6 pr ct	90	95	Long Island	11½	
Phila 6 pr ct	90½	75	Wil spert & Elmira	21	
" " coupon	75½	75	Catawissa	12½	
Allby city 6 pr ct	62½	—	**CANAL STOCKS.**		
" " comty "	6	6	Sch Nav	12	
Allegh RR 6's	85	75	" preferred	12	
Penn			Lehigh Nav	14½	
" 5 "	82½	83	Morris	14½	
" " coupon	87	87½	" preferred	85	
Tenn 6 pr ct	87	88	C & Del	60	
" 5 " coupon	76½	77	Union	30½	
Kentucky 6 pr ct	102½	103	Sus & Tidewater	8	
Penn R L 6 pr ct	96½	97½	**BANK STOCKS.**		
2d m'rtgage "	85½	90	North Amer	150	
C & Am R 6 pr ct	78	79½	Penna	132	
P G & N RR "	92	95½	Phila	110	
Read ng RR "	78½	78	Far & Mec	64	
" " m'rtg "	94½	95	Commercial	81½	
H & L ee RR "	87	88	N Liberty	56	
P & E RR "	—	5	Mechanics	121	
Che Val RR "	91	93½	Southwark	74	
Penn RR "	89	89	P Township	39½	
Phil Wil & Bal			Kensington	61	
" RR 6 pr ct	86½	87	Girard	39½	
Long I RR "	45½	48	Western	68	
Sus Nav '82 "	93	95	Mar & Mech	30	
Lehigh Nav "	93½	95½	Commerce	66	
Mort "	92½	93	Tradesmen's	85	
C & D C I "	72	73	City	82	
Sus & Tid '77 "	64½	65	Consolidation	27	
Union Canal	20½	21	Pittsburg	39	
Wil'ms & Elmira			M & M Potts	58	
1st m'rt 7 pr ct	75½	80	Ex'ge Bills	57	
2d " 7 pr ct	62½	64	Kentucky	11	
Catawissa "	50½	51

PREACHING IN ANCIENT TIMES.

The church historians report that public worship in the first centuries of Christianity was extremely simple. The places of assembling were the private houses of those who had embraced the Christian doctrine, the streets, or the fields. During times of persecution the converts met in secret places. Preaching was not confined to the Sabbath, but meetings were held upon festival days and special seasons. In the first centuries it was usual for the preacher to sit and the people to stand during the delivery of a sermon, customs which have been reversed in modern times. In some of the early churches it was the practice for both the preacher and hearer to sit in sermon time. The sermons of the Christian fathers were almost universally short; many that have come down to us only occupy ten or twelve printed pages, and might have been pronounced with ease in fifteen or twenty minutes. Very few discourses of the earliest Christian preachers required as much as an hour's time in their delivery. These discourses did not always have texts; the preacher only treated of such matters as seemed to call for remark.

It was no uncommon thing to have two, or even three sermons before the same assembly. The discourses were free and familiar in their style, and the preachers allowed themselves great latitude in making their expositions of the Scriptures. The early sermons that have been preserved are rich in thought, and have a warmth and glow rarely known to our own times—they are wanting in unity and argumentative force—and indicate that the first preachers had but little regard for exact method. Only in rare instances did the preacher read from a manuscript; discourses were sometimes composed and committed to memory; but commonly the speaker relied upon the suggestions of the moment. The discourses that have come down to us from these times, were not preserved by the original manuscripts of the preachers, but by means of short-hand writers, who exercised much skill in taking down entire discourses at the time of their delivery. They were often revised by the preacher, and preserved with great care. The style of these old preachers would be considered too florid in modern times, but in point of eloquence some of the early preachers challenge our admiration. Fenelon observes that, after the Scriptures, the knowledge of the fathers will help a preacher to compose good sermons.

A PURE-BLOODED IRISH WOMAN IN COURT.—A woman this morning appeared at the lower police court, and going up to the judge, addressed him, as nearly as our reporter could understand, as follows:

"R-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!"

The judge at once called the interpreter of the Court.

"Here, F———, this woman speaks a foreign language."

The interpreter said:

"Sprechen Sie Deutsch?"

Answer—"R-r-r-r-r."

"Parlez-vous Francais?"

"R-r-r-r-r."

"Hablas Espaniol?"

"R-r-r-r."

"Parlate Italiano?"

"R-r-r-r-r."

The lingual accomplishments of the interpreter are now exhausted, and he turned away in despair, when an Irishman present suddenly exclaimed:

"Och, yer honor, it's meself c'n spake with a leddy, sure."

Pat tried his hand, and succeeded to admiration. She spoke the unadulterated Irish language.—*N. Y. Post.*

SELLING A WIFE.—This brutal custom, as practiced occasionally by the lower classes in England, does not, as thought, constitute a divorce. The object of the shameless ceremony is public acknowledgment that the husband surrenders all idea or right of taking an action against the man who lives with his separated wife. But custom is directly punishable by law as a demeanor; and at the West Riding Yorkshire sessions, June 28, 1837, Joshua Jackson, convicted of *selling his wife*, was sentenced to be imprisoned for one month, with hard labor.

HOW THEY TREAT ROGUES IN ENGLAND.—An American gentleman, having seated himself in a London omnibus, saw and heard what not a little amused him. A man, bearing no particular marks of authority, stood in at the door, took a professional view of the passengers, and called out to the driver, without any more than modest concealment of his thoughts, "You may go on, there's two of the swell mob in here." The driver waited, till at length a pursy, well looking old gentleman got out, saying, as he did so, "I've too much money with me to ride with pickpockets" In a moment more a spruce, young individual said, as he jumped, "I'll follow that careful old gentleman's example." "Go on now," said the detective policeman, "you have got out!" In our country "Beware of pickpockets" would have been posted up in the cars, or on the wall, and the verdant passenger would have been plundered while speculating on the possible reality of the caution. Or a policeman might have stood in and passed off, with a whisper to the driver; the coach would have gone on, somebody's pockets would have been rifled, and the discovery would probably have been made too late to arrest the rogues upon it. Then, a representation to a magistrate would be followed, succeeded by "diligent search" On trial, if the thieves were arrested, questions as to the man's certainty that he was in that particular coach, disputes as to identity and recognition, skillfully managed by ingenious counsel, would have probably acquitted long-fingered gentlemen, while the money stolen would have been applied in recompensing the services of lawyers.

FOREIGN NEWS.—Lord Palmerston has introduced a bill into Parliament to amend the oath taken by members. The amendment consists in omitting the words, "on the true faith of a Christian," the effect of which will be, that Jewish members can subscribe to the oath, and thus be placed on the same footing with other members.

A petition was laid before Parliament, urging that the Reform Bill should make provision for members to represent the colonies—twenty colonial representatives—Canada and its tributaries, five for New South Wales, three for the West Indies, three for the Cape, four for the Mediterranean and Channel Islands belonging to Britain.

During the three days that the Great Agricultural Exhibition at Vienna was open to the public, it was freely visited by not fewer than 150,000 persons. One new invention in ploughs, a kind of lever, by which the furrows is kept always parallel to the wheels, even on the most uneven soil, excited great curiosity.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR TOBACCO.—If people will make sacrifices of their noses, the best way is to furnish cheap substitutes. We are, therefore, pleased to find, on page 207, of the Patent Office Report, for 1855, a preparation of maized leaf as a substitute for tobacco; patented May 30, 1855. To soak maized leaf in a diluted extract of quassia and capsicum, in the proportion of one pound leaf to four ounces of quassia and half an ounce of capsicum, will produce, it is said, a good substitute for tobacco, in the manufacture of cigars. Now, as no substitute exists without any patent, in the case of tobacco, gathered and cured in the same manner as maize, it is finer in flavor, burns equally well, and is cheaper.

We are not sure but the inside of many of our "havanas" is sunflower leaf.

GEN. BUTLER, of South Carolina, died of disease on the evening of the 25th of May.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE ARSENIC-EATING STORY.—Much doubt is thrown upon the story of the Styrian arsenic-eaters, which has been published on the evidence of Von Tschudi, Boner, Johnston, and others. Indeed, from the reports of gentlemen who have investigated the matter thoroughly, lately, the conclusion is drawn that the whole story of people in portions of Hungary who eat arsenic for the sake of its fattening and beautifying effects, is inconsistent, improbable, and utterly incredible.

MR. W. R. STOCKEND, a sinewy, stout, active young Scotchman, associated in farming with Mr. T. Linklater, Tenalquot Plains, Wisconsin, recently killed quite a large panther, six feet seven inches in length, in a fair fist and foot fight. He has no doubt but that the long, heavy boots which he had on were the means of saving his life. The fight lasted, from first to last, about fifteen minutes, in the course of which Mr. Stockend was somewhat severely handled.

THE Mormon Elder, Pratt, has been killed near Van Buren, Arkansas, by a man whose wife he induced to desert her husband, and to go with him to Utah.

THE Executive Committee of the Kentucky Horticultural Society reports that the fruit crops generally in Kentucky will exceed the average yield, but the crop of peaches will be light.

MR. CODET NEGRIER has invented a cement with which he makes shoes without sewing, peg or nail. The inner and outer sole, heel and all, are by its means firmly attached to the upper leather. Fifteen minutes under pressure suffice, it is said, to produce a perfect adhesion. M. Negrier has also found the means of utilizing the hitherto worthless scraps of leather by making heels of them. By a process of his own, he reduces these scraps to a mouldable paste, which hardens quickly, and can be used as indicated.

THE ice, on the 16th May, was still two feet thick in Lake Superior. It extended as far as the eye could reach.

THE late discoveries of pearls in New Jersey have revived the old discussions as to the causes of their growth. The best settled scientific opinion appears to be that they are a diseased, purulent secretion of the shell-fish, originating in a wound, and reaching their full size in about seven years, at which period they become fatal to the animal, and thereby lose their worth and lustre.

THOMAS HOWLAND, a colored stevedore, has been elected Warden in the Third Ward of Providence, R. I. The result, it appears, was brought about by a joke, but it turned out to be a reality, and a few days ago Howland demanded to be sworn into office. His election, upon examination, was found to be legal, and he was thereupon sworn, and entered upon the discharge of his duties.

HANDSOME IN DEED.—A gentleman of New York celebrated the sixth anniversary of his marriage recently, by sending his wife a beautiful basket of flowers, and a deed for a $60,000 house on the Fifth Avenue.

HONG KONG GOOSE.—A Tipperary correspondent of the "Irish Farmers' Gazette" makes the following statement:—"A gentleman in this neighborhood, Wm. Sadleir, Esq., Schallahan, has a Hong Kong goose which brought out two clutches last year, and laid the incredible number of forty eggs from February 1856 to February 1857." Would it not be well for farmers to try this breed of geese?

A SALT-WATER SPORTSMAN.—A cod-fish was recently taken, at Cape Ann, which weighed sixty pounds, and which, on being opened, was found to contain two full grown ducks, in good order and full feather. "While these ducks were quietly reposing on the surface of the water," says the Vineyard Gazette, "the crafty cod stealthily approached, seized them in his capacious jaws, and then returned to inform his friends of his good luck!"

BEAUTIFUL ILLUSION.—The curious phenomenon of mirage was lately witnessed at Simand, near Arad, in Hungary, when St. Martin, a village, three miles distant, became distinctly visible to the astonished inhabitants of the former place; so distinctly, indeed, that not only the houses, but also *the people walking in the streets*, could be distinguished, all of colossal size. The inscriptions on the tombstones of the Jewish cemetery *were perfectly legible*. The apparition lasted about thirty-five minutes, and then faded away. The ignorant multitude interpreted it as a sign of the end of the world, which they confidently expect to take place on the 12th of June.

A PAIR OF BLACKBIRDS having hatched some young ones in a tree on Ham Common, a cat was observed to ascend the tree near to the nest, when she was heroically attacked by both the parent birds in a most ferocious manner, and was compelled to beat a retreat. She was, however, followed several yards distance by the male bird, who then returned to the nest. This was witnessed by the head gardener, and another person in the garden of Lady Byron, the relict of the poet of that name, and may be relied on as a fact. The circumstance occurred on Friday morning, the 24th of April.—*English paper.*

SUITING THE ACTION TO THE WORD.—Some days back a laboring man was drinking and singing at a public house near Reading, England. The song was "Annie Laurie;" and when he came to the words "I'll lay me down and dee," he threw his head back. The persons present thought he did it for effect. After waiting a short time they endeavored to rouse him, but found him dead.

THE MYSTERIOUS MURDER CASE IN NEWBURGH, N. Y.—It is now stated that the woman in this case was a native of the British province of New Brunswick—and wife of a French negro, who resides in Lowell, Mass. The testimony does not seem to inculpate the husband.

A FURIOUS whirlwind recently tore to pieces the dwelling of a Mr. Moore, Jacksonville, Ala. Mrs. Moore, who was in the house, escaped without injury, though her dress was torn to shreds, and *one of her earrings wrenched from her ear.*

P. T. BARNUM, it is stated, has been very unsuccessful in his trip to Europe with "little Cordelia Howard" and Tom Thumb. He was followed, too, it appears, by his creditors, who watched their opportunity to levy on him, had his speculation proved a fortunate one. It is said to be his intention to return home, take the benefit allowed him by law, and then go back to England.

LATER news from Carson Valley says that information from the Great Salt Lake mentions a grand split among the Mormons. The Gladdenites had increased, and became so formidable that Brigham Young began to fear for his life.

AN ENGLISH girl of 14, in a school at Brussels, recently threw herself out of an upper window in "a fit of home sickness," and one of her legs was broken by the fall.

THE Legislature of Minnesota has appropriated $10,000, and placed it at the disposal of the Governor, to recover the four women said to have been captured and carried off by the Indians during the late frontier disturbances.

THE HOG CHOLERA—A NEW THEORY.—Dr. Dougherty, of Paris, Ky., who has lately dissected a hog that died of what is termed "hog cholera," thus writes to another physician:

"Upon examination, I found the brain, spinal marrow, lungs, liver, heart, stomach, the large and part of the small bowel without disease. But that portion of the small bowel next the stomach was literally filled with worms to the extent of several feet, and was in a high state of inflammation. The worm was from two to five inches in length, resembling in appearance the ascaris of the human stomach, but harder, more active, and apparently more tenacious of life. So closely were they crowded in the bowel that their form could be distinctly traced through its coats.

"The disease, then, of which the hog dies, is inflammation of a portion of the small bowel, caused by this hard, active worm, and producing the symptoms noticed in its course, viz:—drooping, indisposition to eat, diarrhœa, and finally, convulsions and death. The treatment, it seems to me, must be altogether preventive. I do not believe the worms could be dislodged by any treatment after inflammation is set up; but before this, while the hog is apparently well, able to eat and drink, I have no doubt that they may be destroyed or removed in many instances, by judicious management."

The doctor thinks the disease "incommunicable," and the best remedy is some medicine to dislodge the worms in their course of development.

GENERAL WALKER ARRIVED AT NEW ORLEANS.—Rivas was evacuated on the first day of May by General Walker, he having capitulated to the Costa Ricans, and being allowed to return on board the U. S. ship of war St. Mary's, together with his officers. The remnant of his army was sent down to a steamer to Panama. Walker arrived last week at New Orleans.—Several thousand men perished in his expedition.

THE RED HAND OF FRENCH CLOCKS.—Time is telegraphed along the railway lines of France to each station from the Paris Observatory. A plan has lately been adopted of having two minute hands in each station clock—one red, one black. The black one shows the railroad time, the red the local time, differing from a minute to half-an-hour. Thus, at Paris the hands are identical. A hundred and fifty miles east, the red hand is ten minutes behind the black one. A hundred and fifty miles west, the red hand is ten minutes behind the black one. By this simple plan, common mistakes and confusion are prevented. As the two hands are fixed on one shaft, it is an easy to regulate both as one. This useful improvement ought to be generally adopted in this country.

RUNNING THE COMET INTO THE GROUND.—The Indianapolis Journal advances a new and very striking theory of the Aurora Borealis, viz:—That a comet has at some time hit the earth at the North Pole, and run into Symmes' Hole, leaving its tail sticking out, the flapping of which makes auroral light.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—There has been very little activity in the flour market during the past week, but with a continuance of light supplies and a very reduced stock, holders are firm in their rates, and some are unwilling to sell unless at an advance of 12½@25 ₱ bbl. The sales for export only comprise 2000 bbls standard and good brands at $7.62½@7.75; some of good brands at $7.87½, closing at the latter figure, including 1000 bbls Shocked at $8.62½; 500 bbls extra at $7.75; 200 bbls extra Family at $8, and 500 bbls Middlings at $6.50, as to quality. The sales for home consumption have been to a fair extent, within the range of the same quotations. Rye Flour has been in demand at an advance of 12½ ₱ bbl, and 500 bbls sold at $5. Corn Meal has also advanced 12½@25 ₱ bbl. Sales of 200 bbls Pennsylvania at $3.87½, closing at the latter figure, and 100 bbls Brandywine at $4.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat during the past week have steadily increased, but the demand for it has been limited, and prices are 2@3 ₱ bus lower. Sales of 10,000 bus at $1.77@1.78 for fair and prime Pennsylvania and Southern red, and $1.80@1.85 for white—including a choice lot at $1.82. Rye has declined 3c ₱ bus, but at the close this was recovered. Sales of 10,000 bus Pennsylvania at $1.06@1.07, afloat. The activity noticed in Corn at the close of last week, still continues, and prices have again advanced. Sales of 60,000 bus yellow at 94@95c, closing to-day at the latter, afloat, and 10,000 bus do at 96c. In Oats 6@8 cts have been secured at the same figure, and 2000 bus white at 58@59c. Oats have been in fair request, and 6000 bus Delaware and Pennsylvania sold at 44@45c ₱ bus.

PROVISIONS—The receipts from the West continue extremely light. The stock of Pork is very small, and holders are firm. Sales of new Mess at $20.37½@20.50 ₱ bbl, and Prime at $17.50, for the trade. City prices of Mess have risen, in lots, for ship stores at $19@20. 200 tierces "Allnutgen's India Beef" sold last week for export on terms not made public. Bacon—There has been a steady inquiry, and with selling receipts and a small stock, prices are 50 higher. Sales of Hams at 2@16c; sides at 13@13½, and 200 casks Shoulders at 11@11½c ₱ lb, on time, closing to-day firm at our highest figures. Of Bulk Meats the stocks are too small to admit of any extensive operations. Sales of 110 casks Hams at 11c, now held at 12c; 150 casks Sides at 12½c, and 150 casks Shoulders at 9½@9¾ lb, on time, which was refused at the close. Lard continues to meet a limited inquiry, but without change in prices. Sales of bbls at 14@15c, and kegs at 15c ₱ lb on time, now held at 16 higher. A sale of mixed packages of Country at 16c. Butter—There is a fair demand for good Roll but of other descriptions are not wanted. Sales of solid packed Roll at 16@18c, and Rod at 17@20c ₱ lb, as to quality. A lot of New York Dairy sold at 21c.

BARK—The receipts of Quercitron Bark continue small, and there is very little stock here. Sales of 21 hhds No 1, at $36 ₱ ton, which is an advance. Tanners' Bark is in steady demand, and further sales of Spanish Oak have been made at $30 ₱ ton.

BEES-WAX—Continues scarce. Small sales of good Yellow at 26c ₱ lb, cash.

CANDLES—There is a steady inquiry for Adamantine, but other descriptions are but little inquired after. 200 boxes of the former were taken to go out of the market, on private terms.

COAL—There has been more activity both at Richmond and Bristol, and supplies are going forward more freely, but prices have undergone no change. Baltimore Coal is very dull.

COFFEE—The market continues very dull, and prices, particularly of the inferior descriptions, favor buyers. About 1500 bags of Rio sold at 10@11c ₱ lb, on time—the former rate or a lot of damaged, and 280 bags by auction, at 9½@11c ₱ lb, cash. A cargo of 3325 bags just arrived. A small lot of Mocha brought 17c.

COPPER—Continues very dull, and the sales of both English Sheathing Copper and Yellow Metal have been unimportant.

COTTON—The market has undergone very little change since our last, but at the close there was a firmer feeling, and more enquiry. Sales of 900 bales at 14@15c for low ordinary and middling fair Upland, and 10@15c for New Orleans.

DRUGS AND DYES—With but few exceptions, are inactive. Among the sales we notice five casks Crems of Tartar at 32c; 50 ounces Cocaine at 70c; some parcels Madder at 12c; 31 cases Shellac at 19c; Cutch, in lots, at 3½c; Soda Ash, from the wharf, at 3c, and two invoices of Crude Brimstone on private terms.

FEATHERS—There is very little inquiry, and the sales have been only in small lots at 55@56c ₱ lb for good Western.

FISH—The season for Mackerel is well advanced. There are very few coming forward, and few or none here in first hands. There is a steady store demand at $14 ₱ bbl for medium No 1's; $12.50 for No 2's, and $11 for No 3's. Large No 1's sell at $23@24, and of large No 2's and 3's are marked at nearly same. Herring are in better demand, and prices have advanced. An invoice sold from the wharf at $5 ₱ bbl, and small lots from store at $5.50. Codfish still a dull article of consumption.

FRUIT—There has been more doing. Two cargoes of Sicily Oranges and Lemons have been landing, of which 2000 box of the latter sold at $4@4.25 ₱ box for the former, and $3.25@3.50 for the latter, as to quality. The new crop of Raisins. In Domestic Fruit there has been very little doing, in consequence of the want of stock to operate in.—Dried Apples are selling at 4c@4½c ₱ lb.

GINSENG—Is scarce, and there is nothing doing in either Crude or Clarified.

GRASS—There has been a fair inquiry, and further sales of Timothy have been made at $5.50@5.75 ₱ bus, and Columbian at 6@7 cents.

HEMP—There is very little stock here, and no further sales have come under our notice.

HIDES—Continue dull, and no further transactions have been reported.

HOPS—The demand has been limited. Small sales of new crop Eastern at 16@18c, and Western at 11@13c ₱ lb. Old crop are almost unsaleable.

INDIGO—Is held firmly, and further sales of Bengal have been made at $1.25@1.45 ₱ lb, 6 mos.

IRON—The market is exceedingly dull, and for Pig Metal prices rather favor buyers. Small sales of No 1 Anthracite at 22c; No 2 at 20c, and No 3 at 18c ₱ ton, 6 mos. Sales of 1000 tons Wood Iron at $32.50@42.50, 6 mos. In Scotch Pig no transactions, and but little here. Bar and Boiler Iron meet a steady inquiry, without change in prices.

LEAD—There is very little offering, and no sales have been reported.

LEATHER—The demand has been quite limited, and for Spanish Sole prices incline in favor of buyers.

LUMBER—There has been a fair trade doing. Among the sales we note Southern Yellow Pine Boards at $13@15 ₱ M feet; Hemlock Scaling Laths $1.37½@1.50, and a cargo of 100,000 feet Pickets at $6 ₱ M.

MOLASSES—The market continues inactive, but the receipts have fallen off, and prices remain without any decline. Small sales of Cuba Muscovado at 28½c, on time.

NAVAL STORES supplies continue to come forward very slowly. A sale of rosin this morning was made at $1.07½ ₱ bbl; $4 05 is bid for No 2; $5.25 for No 1, and $6 for Pale. Spirits of Turpentine is in steady demand, and prices are firm. Sales at 48½c, cash and on time.

OILS—For Fish Oils prices are very much unsettled. Linseed Oil continues to look up, and an advance may be set down at 76@77c, cash. Neatsfoot is held firmly at $1.20@1.28, 4 months. Nothing done in Red Oil.

PLASTER—The demand has fallen off, and prices are lower. Sales of two invoices of Soft at $3@3.25 ₱ ton.

RICE—There has been rather more inquiry, and prices are firm; sales 100 casks in lots at 4½@5 ₱ lb, 4 mos.

SALT—A cargo of Turks Island, and an invoice of 8000 sacks Liverpool Ground was sold before arrival on terms not made public.

SEEDS—The receipts of Clover seed continue trifling, and prime lots are taken on arrival at $6.25@6.37½ ₱ 64 lbs. Timothy sells in a small way at $3.25@3.50 ₱ bush. Flaxseed is very scarce. The last arrivals were at $1.@1.05.

SPICE—The only sales reported are small lots of Nutmegs at 95@96c ₱ lb, 6 mos.

SPIRITS—The trade will be very little doing in Brandy or Gin until after the 1st of July. N. E. Rum is selling in lots at 35 cts. Whiskey is in demand, and has further advanced. Sales of bbls at 24½c, and bbls at 23½c, closing at our highest figures.

SUGAR—The market continues dull, but holders are firm in their demands, while the trade are bidding off for lower sales. Small sales of Cuba at 10¼@10½c, and Porto Rico at 10c ₱ lb, on time.

TALLOW—Continues to meet a very limited inquiry. Small sales at 10@11c ₱ lb for Country and City Rendered.

TEA—The upward tendency in prices noted for some time past still continues, and there is a good inquiry.

TOBACCO—Is held with increased firmness, but the sales were confined to small lots for the supply of the trade—the present high rates having a tendency to restrict the consumption.

WINES—The sales have been unimportant, and without change in prices.

WOOL—The market continues inactive, and prices are steadily sinking down, the manufacturers purchasing only to supply their immediate and pressing wants.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 29 South Third Street.
PHILADELPHIA, May 30, 1857.

Pennsylvania.		**North Carolina.**	
Solvent banks	par to ¼ dis	Solv banks	1 to 1½ dis
Relief notes	¼ dis	South notes	2 dis
Lancaster bk	½ dis	**Georgia.**	
Erie City bk	35 dis	Old bks	¼ dis
Bk of Newcastle	50 dis	New bks	2 to 5 dis
New Jersey.		Bk Columbus	no sale
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	Bk of Milledgeville	no sale
Morch bk Bridgeton	25 dis	Man & Mech bk Columbus	no sale
Wms. Gower's bk Newton	25 dis	Planters' and Mech's bk, Dalton	no sale
Commercial Bk. Perth Amboy	failed	**South Carolina.**	
Delaware.		Solv bks	¼ dis
Solvent bks	par	**Alabama.**	
Under 5's	¼ dis	Bk of Mobile	1 dis
Maryland.		Other solv bks	5 dis
Valley bk Hagerstown	no sale	**Mississippi.**	
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	All bks	uncertain
Far & Mec bk Aug.	1 dis	**Louisiana.**	
District of Columbia.		Solv bks	1 dis
Exchange bk	30 dis	**Ohio.**	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
New York.		Bk of Cincinnati	85 @ par
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Canal bk	8 dis
Bk Arcadia	3 dis	**Kentucky.**	
Knickerbocker bk	1½ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
Far bk Onondaga	25 dis	**Indiana.**	
Mer & Mech bk Oswego	30 dis	New solvent bks	2 dis
Ex bk Batavia	20 dis	State bk	1 dis
Empire City bk	1½ dis	Shawnee bk, Attica	no sale
Central bk	1½ dis	Gramercy bk, Lafayette	"
Champlain bk	no sale	Other bks	5 to 80 dis
Maine.		**Illinois.**	
Solv bks	½ dis	Peoples bk, Carmi	20 dis
Bk of Hallowell	2 dis	Rushville bk, Rushville	2 dis
Solv bks	50 dis	Solvent bks	3 dis
Maritime bk Kaigor	15 dis	Agricultural bk	20 dis
Casino bk South China	no sale	Asper Ex bk	20 dis
Exchange bk	no sale	Bk Commonwealth	20 dis
Hancock bk	25 dis	**Missouri.**	
New Hampshire.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	½ dis	**Tennessee.**	
Lancaster bk	covered	Bk of East Tenn	no sale
Exeter bk	1st ed	Farmer Bank	no sale
Vermont.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks	½ dis	Small notes	2½ dis
South Reading bk	2 dis	Central bk	no sale
Connecticut.		Farmers' and Mech's bk, Memphis	no sale
Solv bks	½ dis	New bks	2 to 5 dis
Massachusetts.		**Michigan.**	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	2 dis
Rhode Island.		**Arkansas.**	
Solv bks	½ dis	All bks	no sale
Bk Rep. Providence	70 dis	**Wisconsin.**	
Canada.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks	2 dis	**Texas.**	
Commercial	5 dis	Commercial & Agricultural bk Galveston	5 dis
Virginia.			
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis		
Bk of Kanawha	10 dis		
Corp'n Alexandria	2 dis		

ENGRAVING ON SLATE.—According to the *Courrier Franco-Italien*, M. Caruana, historical painter, of Valetta, in the Island of Malta, has discovered that slate is superior to wood for engravings. It is, he alleges, easily worked, reproduces the finest lines with remarkable exactness, and resists longer than wood the action of the typographical press, so that several thousand copies of a design can be struck off without producing any sensible difference in the quality of the impression.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

OIL.—Pittsburg oil is recommended by some people as a remedy for deafness, on account of the fish from which it is extracted having so acute a sense of hearing. On the same principle we understand that cod liver oil was first thought to be a excellent for coughs and colds, because the cod fish are so much exposed to dampness and wet, without ever being known to suffer from troubles of that character. Better than either, we recommend the beautiful Spring styles of Granville Stokes, whose fashionable clothing emporium is located at No. 607, (late 301) Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov29-tf

ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Crayons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. oct1-tf

ESSENTIAL.—Now things are the order of the day. The Mint has just issued the new cents; the flower gardens give out new scents, and the possessors of good sense—who her new or old—evince it by getting new clothes at the unrivalled establishment of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 (new style) Chestnut Street, above Six h, Philadelphia. New coats are taken at this new establishment of an old firm, and both adults and youths will assent to the proposition that the best and most elegant garments in town are those sold by R. & W.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR CANCER—Without the use of caustic or the knife, reliable and uniform in its effects in all cases, and demonstrated beyond a doubt.

Persons afflicted with this disease can run no risk in the matter, as the thing is given to the public on its own merits, and no reward required should it fail to effect a cure.

☞ A pamphlet giving descriptions of cures and the manner of treatment, with other information to persons afflicted with CANCER, will be sent to any person sending their address.

☞ All communications addressed to JOHN CATHERS, 109 Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.

OUR NATIVE FORESTS furnish us with Nature's own remedy for all lung complaints. Dr. Wistar, in his Balsam, combines the essential qualities of the Cherry Bark with Tar Water. It has cured many cases of seated consumption.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. John M. Dagnall, No. 59 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. If

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Monroeton, Pa. on Tuesday morning, May 19th, by the Rev. T. W. Alden, DANIEL L. LYON, to Miss ELLA LEPPINCOTT, eldest daughter of H. S. Salsbury, Esq.

On the 2 ult. inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. G. WASHINGTON MENCH, to Miss MARIA REESE, daughter of the late Thos. Bunker, both of this city.

On the 28th ult. by the same, Mr. G. W. HAINES, to Miss JENNIE SICKEL, both of this city.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. JOHN MAULL, to LOUISA C. MARSLEY, both of this city.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, Mr. ALBERT WEIKENMAYER, to Miss HANNAH MOLL, both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. Anthony Atwood, Mr. ANDREW ZANE, Jr. Esq. to Miss EMMA J. ATWOOD, daughter of the officiating pastor, both of this city.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. Thomas Murphy, Mr. WILLIAM COWPERTHWAIT, Jr. to Miss MARTHA BACON, of Philadelphia.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. William Suddards, Mr. J. HAYES LINVILLE, of Altoona, to CELESTE V. daughter of Samuel W. Rush, of Philadelphia.

On the 5th ultimo, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. JAMES MOONEY, to Mrs. ELIZABETH BODINE.

On the 29th of April, by the Rev. James Neal, Mr. BENJAMIN F. WICKERSHAM, to Miss TABITHA E. BABB, both of this city.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. Philip F. Mayer, Mr. ROBERT W. DURNETT, of Summit Hill, to SARAH A. HART, of Mauch Chunk.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. L. H. Christian, Mr. LEONARD N. WALKER to Miss AMANDA, daughter of T. Jackson, Esq. both of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. Edenz M. Levy, Mr. CHARLES W. CEARY, of South Carolina, to Miss KATE A. GANEY, of West Philadelphia.

In Camden, on the 3d ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. J. Hanir, Mr. JOSEPH K. RUDROW, to Miss CATHARINE J. HOYES, both of Camden, N. J.

On the 9th ultimo, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JOHN H. SMITH, to Miss MARGARET M. WILLIAMSON, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 25th ultimo, THEODORE C. BARRETT, aged 16 years.

On the 24th ultimo, JAMES P. COLEMAN, aged 22 years.

On the 6th ultimo, WILLIAM HAINES, aged 78 years.

On the 28th ultimo, JOHN WARD, of Burlington county, N. J. aged 80 years.

On the 2 th ultimo, JOHN WALTER, aged 69 years.

On the 2 th ultimo, MARGARET STARR, aged 38 years.

On the 24th ultimo, JACOB H. HUMMEL, aged 45 years.

On the 26th ultimo, FRANCIS ROWAN, aged 32 years.

On the 28th ultimo, M. JAMES TROTTER, aged 55 years.

On the 29th ultimo, WILLIAM QUERARAU, aged 28 years.

On the 24th ultimo, MRS. ELLEN LAMBERT, aged 5 years.

On the 26th ultimo, MISS MARY HANKER, aged 17 years.

On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. ANN GORDON, aged 60 years.

On the 24th ultimo, ABRAHAM MARSHALL, aged 73 years.

On the 6th ultimo, JOHN BAUER, aged 18 years and 5 months.

On the 25th ultimo, PHILIP SILBERT, son of Jas. and Anna Gordon, aged 7 years.

On the 2 th ultimo, at Progress, N. J., AUGUSTUS GASLEY, aged 7 years.

On the 25th ultimo, JOHN COYLE, aged 21 years.

On the 2d ultimo, REBECCA K. PAISTE, of Lower Merion Township, Montgomery county.

On the 23d ultimo, JACOB MOWERS, aged 65 years.

On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. ANNA NUMBURG, aged 74 years.

On the 24th ultimo, JAMES SCHETER, aged 81 years.

On the 23d ultimo, MAGGIE J. FINLEY, aged 14 years.

On the 23d ultimo, KEZIAH, daughter of Wm. and Eliza Young, aged 2 years and 8 months.

On the 24th ultimo, CHARLES GORMAN, aged 27 years.

On the 21th ultimo, CATHARINE BIRD, aged 21 years.

On the 24th ultimo, FANNIE P. WELSH, aged 16 years.

On the 19th ultimo, one Room, Columbiana county, Ohio, JOHN T. WARK, aged 71 years, formerly of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, LAWRENCE HIGGINS, aged 21 years.

On the 23d ultimo, EDWARD DOOLING, aged 40 years.

Improved Self-Adjusting
HAY ELEVATOR,
OR
HOISTING FORK,
WITH ANTI-FRICTION BLOCKS, ROPES, &c.,
Manufactured and for sale by
D. LANDRETH & SON,
Nos. 21 and 23 South SIXTH Street, Philadelphia.

This is one of the most important implements in haying; with it a large load may be removed from the wagon and deposited in any part of the mow in a few minutes, without labor and far less in weariness, thus greatly facilitating one of the most laborious duties of the farm. Its use does expediting business—an important matter in saving hay.

Farmers should be cautious not to use the common blocks. The friction is as great as to cause them in many instances to take fire. With the anti-friction blocks no such danger need be apprehended. D. LANDRETH & SON,
je-2t Nos. 21 and 23 South Sixth St., Phila.

A RETIRED PHYSICIAN,
Whose medical life have nearly run out, discovered, while in the East Indies, a sure cure for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, and GENERAL DEBILITY. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. He had heard much of the wonderful restorative and healing qualities of papers long made from the East India Hemp and the thought occurred to him that he might make a remedy for his child. He studied hard and succeeded in realizing his wishes. His child was cured, and is now active and well. He has since administered the wonderful remedy to thousands of sufferers in all parts of the world, and he has never failed in making them completely healthy and happy. Wishing to do as much good as possible, he will send to such of his afflicted fellow beings as request it, this recipe, with full and explicit directions for making it up, and successfully using it. He requires each applicant to inclose him one shilling—three cts. to be returned as postage on the recipe, and the remainder to be applied to the payment of this advertisement. Address
Dr. H. JAMES, No. 19 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J.

P. S.—There are persons who pretend to prepare FOR SALE the "Extract of Cannabis Indica" from Dr. H. James's Recipe, and who profess to be his AGENTS. All such persons are impostors. Dr. H. James's sole object is to benefit the world, and not to make money. He has no Agents who pr

Wit and Humor.

JOCULARITY MADE EASY.

It is with deep pain that we observe the difficulties under which many of our brethren of the press, young men at small parties, humorous clergymen, and others, who desire to be considered "genial" spirits, labor in order to win a reputation as wits, to enliven the column of wit and humor, an anniversary meeting, or an evening. Now, joking is perhaps one of the most easily acquired accomplishments in the world.—Of course, it has its rules and its figures, like rhetoric, logic, and other branches of belles lettres.

To approach the subject properly, we will begin with the beginning. The first and easiest form of joking is

TRANSPOSITION.

This consists in merely exchanging the first syllables or letters of a phrase. We know of one gentleman of our acquaintance, who has the reputation of a humorist, merely because he invariably calls for a scottle of botch ale, instead of a bottle of Scotch ale. We have reason to think that he is disgusted with the liquid, but he always drinks it when in company, for the sake of the joke. He may drink himself into a dropsy on it, but he has the fame of being a wit. Another friend has the Editor's Bureau of a dollar magazine to do, on the strength of having originated the amusing phrase—"dif of bitterence." So that there is both fame and money to be acquired through the medium of this species of wit. Variations of this form of jocularity may be indulged in to any extent desired by the aspirant for humorous honors. Thus they can sometimes be put in the form of conundrums. We give a few examples:

Con.—What is the difference between a late breakfast for two at a boarding house and a portmonnaie?

Ans.—One is *cold hash for two*—the other is *for to hold cash.*

Con.—What is the difference between the Pope's barber and an insane circus rider?

Ans.—One is a *shaving Roman* and the other is a *raving showman.*

Con.—What is the difference between an earnest clergyman at a camp-meeting and a gluttonous man?

Ans.—One *dins at sinners* and the other *sins at dinners.*

Con.—What is the difference between the look out in the City Hall steeple and a schoolmaster's switch?

Ans.—One *rings a bell* and the other *brings a yell.*

[This is quite near enough to bring the usual round of applause and screams of laughter—though at first blush it may seem like a Jersey pearl—slightly imperfect.]

We will not proceed any further. We are sure, from the present examples, the student of the art may perfectly comprehend TRANSPOSITION, which at present is a most popular style of humor.

We may as well state here, that these remarks are condensed from a forthcoming work by Professor Krautsalast, entitled "Joking, in Six Easy Lessons, for Beginners." It is now in press, and will be published as soon as the author can pay the printer's bill.—*N. Y. Pic.*

WHAT KEPT RORY FROM CONFESSION.—"What may be the cause," said an Irish curate to his parish clerk,—"what keeps Rory O'Kegan from confession, an' from the church service, Peter Murphy?"

"A sad matter it is, your honor—it's himself that's got into a very bad way, onyhow."

"Och, Peter," said the curate, "is it Delsm?"

"Worse, ye may depend," said the worthy clerk.

"Sowl o' me, I trust it's not Atheism, or the like o' that, Peter," exclaimed the pastor.

"Worse."

"An' what in the name o' nature can it be?" cried the astonished minister.

"By the powers, an' it's rheumatism," replied Peter Murphy, "an' so it is."

A BRACE OF BOY'S COMPOSITIONS.—A distinguished Georgian lawyer says that in his younger days he taught a boy's school, and requiring the pupils to write compositions, he sometimes received some of a peculiar sort, of which the following is a specimen:

"ON INDUSTRY.—It is bad for a man to be *idol.* Industry is the best thing a man can have, and a wife is the next. Prophets and kings desired it long, and died without the *sife.* The End."

Here is another:

"ON THE SEASONS.—There are four seasons, spring, summer, autumn and winter. They are all pleasant. Some people like spring best; but as for me give me liberty or give me death. The End."

POOR FELLOW.—Mr. George Washington Makeweight's moustache is no better than formerly, and on Wednesday night last received a terrible blow. He was passing the evening with a small family party, when a game of blind-man's buff was proposed, and freely entered into. At the end of the game, Mr. Makeweight's adored one, who was present, and had got her toilet decidedly disarranged, said to him laughingly—"Dear me—only see my hair! I declare, it is just like your moustache." "In what way?" asked Mr. Makeweight, proud she could recognize the existence of that feeble ornament. "Why," cruelly responded the fair one—"don't you see, it is all Down!" Mr. Makeweight shaved his upper lip on Thursday morning.—*N. Y. Picayune.*

A JOCULAR JUDGE.—At the winter assizes, at Chester, there was a noise in the passage occasioned by some ladies endeavoring to gain admission to the court.

Baron Alderson: "Let the passage be cleared. If I were a lady, I should have no desire to come and hear a man tried for his life; but that is a matter of taste. At any rate, if they want to gratify their curiosity, let them do so quietly."

The Usher: "But they can't do it, my lord." (Laughter.)

His Lordship: "I know they can't." (Renewed laughter.)—*English Paper.*

DOG'S NAMES.—An extraordinary name was given to her dog by a lady in the far West.

"Moreover, moreover!" said she.

"Why, madam," said a traveller who happened to be at her cabin, "where did you get such a remarkable name?"

"The name's a Scripture name," replied the good dame.

"Will you please to tell me where you find it?" inquired the traveller.

"Why, in the book of Tobit, to be sure—*Moreover, the dog*—that's the dog's name, ain't it?"—*Boston Courier.*

MRS. PARTINGTON'S OPINION ON A GEOLOGICAL POINT.—"What is the meaning of 'scratched gneiss?'" said Ike, stopping in the perusal of Dr. Kane's work, as his eye was attracted by a picture of a rock thus indicated. The old lady had listened to some passages of the book, which he had read to her, with tearful interest. "It must be," said she, after a few moments reflection, "where they scratched 'em, in climbing up over the rocks." "Scratched what?" cried Ike, interrupting her. "Their knees," replied she. "Who said knees?" responded he coolly; "I said gneiss—g-n-e-i-s-s—what's that?" "I guess it means knees," said she, "the printer has spelt it wrong. It is strange what queer arrows they do make in printing. They were in their bare skins, you know, and got their knees scratched. How cold they must have been, to be sure." Ike turned to the picture of Accomodah and asked her if he was in his bare skin, emphasizing the word "bare," and asked her too if she had lived so long in the world and didn't know the difference between a bare skin and a bear skin. What knowledge the youngster evinced! *He* could show *his* grandmother how to suck eggs! Mrs. Partington looked gravely at him. "I could know very easily what a bare skin was," said she, "if I was to treat you as you deserve for your misrespect." Ike seemed penitent, and she gave him a three cent piece to save till he got enough to put into the Five Cent Savings Bank.

PHONOGRAPHIC.—The following is a stanza as pathetically sung by a prima donna at a New York concert. Those familiar with the song of the "Old Arm Chair," as sung by Russell, may discover a slight resemblance:

Hi lo-hove it, hi lo-hove it,
And who-so sha-hall da-hare
To-hoo chi-hi-hide me for lo-hoving
That o-ho-hold a-harm cha-hair?

Useful Receipts.

TO PRESERVE FLOWERS IN WATER.—Mix a little carbonate of soda with the water, and it will preserve flowers for a fortnight, but the water in flower-pots should be changed every day in summer or it will become offensive and unhealthy, even if there is salt in them.

TO KEEP FOWLS FREE OF VERMIN.—There are several kinds that infest the hen. By attending to the following remedy they will be entirely kept clear. First of all if in confinement in the dust corner of the poultry house mix about half a pound of black sulphur among the sand and lime that they dust in. This will both keep them free from parasites and will give the feathers a glossy appearance. If infested with the insects damp the skin under the feathers with a little water; then sprinkle a little black sulphur on the skin. Let a bird be covered with these insects, and they will all disappear in the course of twelve hours. Also previous to sitting a hen, if the nest be slightly sprinkled with the sulphur, there is no fear of the hen being annoyed during incubation, neither will the chickens be annoyed by them. Many a fine hatched brood pines away and dies through nothing else, when no one knows the cause. Having had an ostrich under my care that was pining, when looking into his feathers I observed thousands of the parasites. I employed tobacco-water, also lime-water, under my then master's orders to no effect. In his absence I well damped him, and sprinkled him under the feathers with black sulphur, when next day they were examined by a microscope, and every one was dead. Having had some macaws, also parrots that were addicted to biting off their feathers, I employed the black sulphur by well syringing them with water, then sprinkling the sulphur over their skins. If tame, sponge the skins, then rub gently with the points of the fingers with the sulphur every other day for about a fortnight, when the parrot or macaw will cease to destroy his plumage. It is not a remedy that has not been proved, for I have used it these two years with success.—*John Douglas, professional breeder, in the London Field newspaper.*

CURE FOR CAKED UDDER IN COWS.—Common soft soap, rubbed on, at, or after milking times, for two or three days—an article always on hand in every farmer's house, and fully equal to arnica.—*Correspondent of the Country Gentleman.*

CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—First dose, 1 ounce of elecampane root, boiled in 1 pint of milk until reduced to ½ pint. Second dose (to be taken two days after the first), 1½ ounces of elecampane root in 1 pint of milk, boiled as the first. Third dose, the same as the second (to be taken two days after); in all, three doses.—*Correspondent of the New York Tribune.*

CURE FOR RINGBONE.—The editor of the London "Field" says there is nothing so likely to cure ringbone as an ointment composed of biniodide of mercury, 2 drachms; lard, 1 ounce. On the following day apply soft soap, rubbing it on gently with the hand; leave it there until it falls off itself. Be sure to purchase the biniodide at a first-rate druggist's, and keep it in a glass-stopped bottle.

TO CLEANSE THE INSIDE OF JARS.—There is frequently some trouble in cleansing the inside of jars that have had sweetmeats, or other articles put in them for keeping, and that when empty were wanted for future use. This can be done in a few minutes without scraping or soaking, by filling up the jars with hot water, (it need not be scalding hot,) and then stirring in a teaspoonful or more of pearlash. Whatever of the former contents has remained sticking upon the sides and bottom of the jar will immediately be seen to disengage itself, and float loose through the water. Then empty the jar at once, and if any of the former odor remains about it, fill it again with warm water and let it stand undisturbed a few hours, or till next day; then empty it it again, and rinse it with cold water. Wash phials in the same manner. Also the inside of kettles, or anything which you wish to purify or clear from grease expeditiously and completely. If you cannot conveniently obtain pearlash, the same purpose may be answered nearly as well by filling the vessel with strong ley, poured off clear from the wood-ashes. For kegs, buckets, crocks, or other large vessels, ley may be always used.

THE INVENTOR OF BOTTLED ALE.—An English Dean, named Nowell, who flourished in the turbulent reign of Queen Mary, was the accidental inventor of bottled ale. He was out fishing with a bottle of the freshly drawn beverage at his side, when intelligence reached him that his life was in danger. He threw down his fishing rod, buried his bottle of ale in the grass, and fled. Afterwards reclaiming his bottle the cork flew out at the touch, and the dean was so delighted with the creamy condition of the ale that he took good care thereafter to be supplied with the "same sort."

DANGERS OF COPYING AFTER THE BEST OF PATTERNS.

MAMMA.—Now, you naughty boy, do you want to set yourself afire, playing with the tongs and poker?

IMITATIVE YOUTH.—Didn't you tell me always to do as Pop does? Pop stirs up the fire when it looks lazy.

Agricultural.

SEASONABLE HINTS BY DOWNING.

The late A. J. Downing, who was burnt up in the steamer "Henry Clay," on the Hudson, some four or five years ago, was the acknowledged king of horticulturists. The following advice from him is full of wisdom:

If you wish to raise the earliest vegetables, or get the best growth possible in an annual plant, be sure to use well rotted manure. The chemists may say what they please about the loss of ammonia and the gases, and what they say about the actual waste in letting manure rot before using it, is true enough, doubtless; but, setting that aside, practice has told me, time and again, that I can get a crop of peas four or five days earlier than my neighbors, in the same soil, by using a manure a year old, and *quite fine*, when they use it almost as fresh as when it first comes from the stable. The fact is, fresh manure is like corned beef and cabbage—very hearty food, but requiring a strong stomach. Annuals of moderate growth, like something easier of digestion. As all old gardeners know by this constant trial, you can no more beat the value of rotted manure out of their heads than you can make an elder bush bear white berries by scolding it.

It is quite wonderful what a passion some men have for what *they* call *pruning* trees, and what I call murdering them by inches. Only put a knife or saw into their hands, and a tree before them, and you will see that it is only because they were not born Caliphs of Bagdad, that their neighbors have any heads left on their shoulders. Gardeners from the "auld countrie"—especially all such as have served their time behind a wheelbarrow, are mighty fond of this sort of thing. One of these "gintlemen" was lopping off and utterly despoiling the natural ways of a fine linden tree lately. When he was cross-questioned a little as to what he was about, ruining the tree in that manner, he replied, "Bliss yer sowl! I'm only a littin' the *hair* intil it!" But, in fact, many a better gardener than this Paddy—many a man who has done as good things in the gardening way in Great Britain, as can be done anywhere in the world—is placed in the same awkward fix when he comes into a country with a dry, hot climate like the United States. All his life long has he been busy learning how to "let the air in" to the top, and keep the wet away from the roots, till it is a second nature to him, and he finds it almost as impossible to adopt just the contrary practice when he gets to America, as it is for a Polar bear to lay aside his long, white, furry coat, and walk about like a tropical gentleman in his natural nankeen pantaloons and waistcoat. He cuts away at his trees to let in the sun, and raises up his flower beds to drain off the wet, and when it is just the very sun and drought that we have too much of. No man can be a good gardener who will not listen to reason, and in a country where nature evidently meant leaves for umbrellas, take care how you snap your fingers at her, by pruning without mercy, and "*littin' the hair in!*"

If you find some of your transplanted trees flagging, and looking as if they were going to say good-bye to you, don't imagine you can save them by pouring manure water about their roots. You might as well give a man nearly dead with debility and starvation, as much plum pudding as he could make a meal of. The best thing you can do is, first to reduce the top little more (of a good deal more if needful,) for the difficulty most probably is, that we have more top to exhaust than root to supply. Then loosen the soil, and water it if dry, and lastly, *mulch* the ground as far as the roots extend. This you may do by covering it with three or four inches of straw, litter, tan-bark, or something of that sort, to keep the roots cool and moist, so as to coax them into new growth. Watering a transplanted tree every day, and letting the surface dry hard with the sun and the wind, is too much like basting a joint of meat before the kitchen fire, to be looked upon as decent treatment for anything living. If your tree is something rare and curious, that you are afraid will die, and would not lose for the world, and yet that won't start out, in spite of all your wishes, syringe the bark once every night after sunset. This will freshen it, and make the dormant buds shoot out.

If you find any of your fruit trees barren, from too great running to wood, about the first of June is the time to shorten back the long shoots, and clip or pinch off the ends of the side shoots, so as to force the tree to expend its substance in making fruit buds, instead of wasting every bit of sap in overgrowth.

Make war upon insects all this month, and especially at the end of it, as if it were the chief duty of man to destroy them, (there is no doubt about its being the chief duty of the gardener.) Tobacco water is your main weapon, and with a syringe or a hand-engine, you can, if you take them in time, carry such slaughter into the enemy's camp, as would alarm the peace society, if there is one among these creeping things. Slugs on rose bushes, or the green fly on plants, will make their appearance by thousands and tens of thousands, as the weather gets hot and the nights summery. The time to open your light artillery upon the "inemy," is very early in the morning, or just after sundown—the latter the better time, by all odds. Find out whether they "roost" on the under or upper side of the leaves, or nibble away at the tender points of the shoots, and shower them to the tune of "Old Virginny"—i. e., strong tobacco water. If your plant is of a delicate substance, mind, however, that you don't give it a fainting fit, as well as the vermin. Always make the tobacco water by mixing some rain with it for such plants, and, if you have had no experience in the matter, dilute and use some on a single plant before you undertake your whole border. After half a day, you can tell how it works, and act accordingly. What you want is, just strength enough to kill the insect, and not enough to injure the young leaves.

ARE SOAPSUDS BENEFICIAL?

[The following article, we take from the "*London Field.*" Our readers should remember, in reading all articles from *English* agricultural journals, that the English climate is a moist one, and not generally hot and dry through the summer months, like ours. In their gardening, they have to guard against too much cold and wet,—while we have to guard against too much heat and dryness.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

A correspondent asks "whether soapsuds are beneficial to rhubarb, or any other fruits and vegetables?" He then informs us that he "applied the soapsuds plentifully for a continuance, and through a winter, to the wall-fruit trees, and thought that they suffered much, the ends of the branches dying. The soda in the suds was blamed, but he knows not with what reason." This is a very suggestive letter, and it will furnish us an occasion of saying a few words on the use and abuse of liquid manure in general, in addition to the information we are able to give our correspondent.

Now soapsuds are in themselves a valuable manure. Dr. Lindley says of them, in his *Theory of Horticulture*, 1855, p. 555: "Soapsuds have an undoubted value, because of their potash, irrespective of the animal matter they contain. Upon cabbages, cauliflowers, and all the Brassicaceous race they produce an immediate and very advantageous effect." Dr. Lindley afterwards says, on the same page, "Soda is regarded by Liebig and others as a natural equivalent for potash;" so that our correspondent is answered as to the supposed injury done by it to his trees. That strong solutions of soda would do harm cannot be denied; but the quantity likely to be in the soapsuds of an ordinary washing in a family, must be pronounced decidedly beneficial.

We have ourselves, for some years, used all the slops brought out of the bedrooms as liquid manure, with the best possible result in more ways than one. When thrown down drains, or into cesspools, these slops generate unpleasant vapors, and help to increase those accumulations of offensive materials which every householder should reduce to the lowest possible quantity. These slops, with ourselves, are put outside the kitchen door in large waterpots, kept for the purpose, and are then applied by the gardener as wanted. During the winter these liquids were poured on the grass of the orchard, which now tells to an inch where the fertiliser has been applied, in the greater richness of the grass. Just now they are being poured to the roots of Seakale and Rhubarb, and, occasionally, to the growing Roses. Throughout the summer we use them for almost anything in the garden which we think require stimulating, and we always wish they were more abundant. We have seen the good effects of the slops in hundreds of cases, and cannot remember an instance of their being injurious.

But now the question arises, Were our correspondent's trees injured by the application of the soapsuds, as he supposes? They were; but not by the soda or any other matter contained in them, but by the wet crude material conveyed to the roots of the trees when in a quiescent state. *Liquid manure should only be applied when vegetable life is active*, so that the plant may be able to turn to its nutriment what is thus furnished to the roots. In winter the roots of trees cannot well be kept too dry; and the object of draining land is that which our correspondent did all he could to counteract when he poured suds to the roots of his trees in winter. We must observe further, that we cannot conceive that wall-trees often need stimulating manures; on the contrary, the difficulty with them generally is to keep down the tendency to form too much wood. But, if manure is required, it must be applied when all the powers of vegetation are active, and when the tree can assimilate to itself the various foreign bodies supplied for it to feed upon.

☞ Thistles, though noxious things in themselves, are usually signs of an excellent ground whereon they grow; so bashfulness, though it be a weakness and betrayer of the mind, is yet generally an argument of a soul ingenuously and virtuously inclined.

HORTICULTURAL HINTS.

Crops of Garden Vegetables will soon come forward rapidly, and nothing will contribute more to their vigorous and successful growth than preserving a clean and perfectly mellow soil about them. Mulching with tan, sawdust and peat, sometimes found so advantageous, may be superseded by mulching with finely pulverized earth. But, unlike sawdust, tan, and peat, it is not necessary to bring pulverized earth from a distance; all that is needed is to manufacture it on the spot where required, by the use of the spade, rake and hoe.

Transplanting Cabbages may be successfully performed, even in dry weather, by dipping the roots into thick mud before setting out. Wrapping a roll of stiff paper (previously oiled would be better and more durable) around each stem, so as to cover it an inch or two below and above the surface of the earth, will effectually exclude the grub.

Irrigation with liquid manure, or even simply with water, will greatly accelerate the growth of many vegetables. Radishes are much improved by freely watering. Strawberries have been doubled in size, and raspberries much increased.

Young Budded and Grafted Trees will require early attention in rubbing off the shoots that spring up from the stocks; and young transplanted fruit trees, for gardens and orchards, should have useless shoots taken off, and long ones pinched back, so as to form regular symmetrical heads.

Thinning Fruit on Trees may seem like a very unnecessary operation, after the past two or three intensely severe winters, which in many places left little for thinning. But there are some trees, and in some places, which are heavily set this year, and in order to have good, well-grown, and well-ripened fruit, and to prevent an improper exhaustion of the tree, they should not be permitted to overbear. We are not sure that the unfavorable seasons which have lately occurred, have not, on the whole, proved a benefit to orchardists, by allowing their trees to recover from the effects of hard cropping. One of the easiest ways of thinning the fruit, is to thin out the bearing shoots, and this is especially the case with peaches; it should be done in spring, but is not too late even after the trees are in leaf. Another evil of overbearing is a glutted market one year, and a scarcity the next, which might be prevented at least in part by lessening the amount in abundant seasons.

Mulching should not be forgotten. It should be performed as soon as the hot dry weather approaches. It is especially useful to such fruit trees as cannot be kept well and constantly cultivated, such, for instance, as stand in grass land, or along boundaries. As often as it is performed, it is not complete and thorough enough. The litter which forms the mulch should be at least four or five inches thick after packing down, and should form a circle around the tree, at least equal to its height. Cherry trees, set out in the spring, and which commence with a promising growth, often wither and die about midsummer—a disaster which is effectually prevented by timely mulching.

Early examination should be made for the *borer* in apple trees, wherever it has previously appeared.

Slugs on cherry and other trees may be repelled by dusting them with pulverized or water-slacked lime or ashes, or by showering them briskly with dry sand or powdered earth.

The *curculio* must be vigilantly watched and destroyed, if good crops of plums, apricots, and nectarines are expected. Among the many proposed remedies, experience has proved the following to be the most convenient and best, namely: the confinement of pigs and poultry among them, which is least laborious, and, when the insects are not very numerous, quite successful of itself; jarring (not shaking) down on sheets; and Ellwanger & Barry's process of pounding the earth smooth beneath the trees, and sweeping up the fallen punctured fruit daily. The latter is precisely similar in mode to the first, and has the advantage of application to places where animals cannot be turned. Where the insects are abundant, two or three remedies combined become necessary.

Dishwater and *Soapsuds*, instead of being appropriated to the formation of an interesting puddle at the kitchen door, should be poured at the roots of young fruit-trees, raspberry and currant bushes, and will accelerate their growth and augment the size of the fruit.—*Country Gentleman.*

BULLS VS. HORSES.—Elliott's History of New England, says that horses were once scarce in New England:

"It was a country for cattle rather than horses, and it seems to have been a not uncommon thing to ride on bulls. When John Alden went to Cape Cod, to marry Priscilla Mullins, he covered his bull with broadcloth, and rode on his back; when he returned he placed his wife there, and led the bull home by the ring in his nose. It is told that Alden at first went to ask the hand of Priscilla for his friend Miles Standish. The father referred him to the daughter, who listened with attention; but, fixing her eyes on Alden's handsome face, she said, "Prithee, John, why do you not speak for yourself?" The consequence was, that some time after, Priscilla rode home upon John's bull."

BETTER BELIEVE IN THE COMET.—A French journalist advises that belief in the coming end of the world should be encouraged. He thinks we shall become better men. With death so near, every one will wish to put his conscience at ease, to repair wrongs, to do good, to abstain from evil. Ambition will be checked, avarice be abated, and liberality be universal. The many masks of society will fall, and sincerity prevail. It were better at least, that we should try the experiment, and see the change that it would work in man, to believe the world near its end—and it is near its end, truly, to very many of us.

LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE.—Condemn no man for not thinking as you think. Let every one enjoy the full and free liberty of thinking for himself. Let every man use his own judgment, since every man must give an account of himself to God. Abhor every approach, in any kind of degree, to the spirit of persecution. If you cannot reason, or persuade a man into the truth, never attempt to force him into it. If love will not compel him to come, leave him to God, the Judge of all.—*John Wesley.*

A NOVEL RECEPTION.—When the Earl of Dalhousie's father was commander-in-chief in India, he visited the King of Oude at Lucknow, and made a point of introducing Lady Dalhousie, which the king did not understand at all, and fancied the laird wanted to sell her. After a short time, he said to his attendants, "*That will do—take her away!*"

The Riddler.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 61 letters

My 29, 5, 42, 43, was the daughter of Joachim, of the family of David.

My 34, 35, 51, 33, 19, 23, was the island on which Paul and his companions were shipwrecked.

My 16, 55, 61, 48, 50, 57, 13, was a city of the tribe of Manassah, famous for two great battles fought near it.

My 23, 30, 45, 29, 3, 2, 20, 4, were the descendants of Esau, and inveterate enemies to Israel; they were rendered tributary by David, but revolted under Jehoram, and rendered themselves independent.

My 1, 21, 8, 9, 39, 37, 54, was the chief city of the tetrarchy of Lycaonia, famous for Paul's preaching there.

My 7, 17, 26, 51, 11, 61, 55, 28, 6, was a breastplate worn by the Jewish soldiery.

My 12, 55, 24, 31, 37, 20, was the successor of Felix in the Government of Judea.

My 26, 5, 14, 38, 7, 3, 18, 31, was a coin used by the Romans about the time of Christ.

My 53, 4, 57, 27, 17, 22, 58, 46, 60, was a plain about fifteen miles square, near Mount Carmel, famous in all ages for the great battle fought upon it. It was once exceedingly populous, but is now almost a desert.

My 46, 15, 44, 25, 27, was a kind of cake used in Jewish worship.

My 50, 10, 10, was the nephew of Abraham.

My 19, 1, 21, 20, 47, 59, 38, 5, 9, 24, is a sect mentioned in Revelations.

My 40, 25, 4, 38, 22, 35, 18, 10, 24, were the sacred robes of the Jewish priests.

My 31, 59, 58, 47, 61, 21, was a band for the hair worn by pious Jews on solemn occasions.

My 52, 39, 32, 7, 17, 60, 43, was a village east from Jerusalem, on the road to Jericho, the seat of many of Christ's miracles.

My whole is a proverb of Solomon. CINROS.

ORIENTAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 27 letters

My 19, 21, 24, 2, was a stupendous range of mountains in Oriental Asia, eternally snow-clad.

My 7, 17, 1, 21, 25, was a beautiful flower that grew in Cashmere and in Persia.

My 24, 9, 3, 9, 23, 9, was the king who made the delicious gardens of Irim in imitation of Paradise.

My 11, 12, 24, 3, 10, 1, 26, was a vale, the orchards of which were filled with turtle-doves.

My 10, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, was a country of the East, whose name, in the old Persian language, signified Region of the Sun.

My 7, 12, 14, 5, was a tree, described in the 53rd chapter of the Koran, which stands in the Seventh Heaven, on the right hand of God.

My 6, 11, 15, 27, 8, was an Empress of Greece, against whom the Caliph Mahadi waged war.

My 8, 24, 18, 23, 2, 26, 27, was a city of ancient Persia.

My 14, 15, 27, 27, 22, was used by the Oriental ladies to imbue the fingers' ends with a bright roseate hue.

My 4, 6, 10, 15, 23, was a reptile which was frequently found among the balsam-trees at Yambo and Jidda.

My 13, 15, 16, 22, 23, 2, 26, was a city, the inhabitants of which were called "The People of the Rock."

My whole is one of Moore's beautiful Oriental pictures. GAMMEW.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 2, 8, 14, 18, 10, 13, is a river in Russia.

My 4, 6, 7, 15, 16, is a river in England.

My 6, 11, 5, 15, 7, is a river in France.

My 8, 20, 10, 16, is a river in the Russian Empire.

My 10, 18, 3, 5, is a river in Maine.

My 12, 6, 1, 9, 16, is a river in Central Europe.

My 15, 9, 8, 14, is a river in Africa.

My 17, 12, 15, 13, 7, 14, is a river in Illinois.

My whole is a celebrated traveller and explorer.

Warren, Vt. HARP

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

You will agree with humble me
When I say my first's not you;
And that 'gainst tyrants my whole did raise
His arm, and thus received much praise,
You will acknowledge true.

And if 'tis true my first's not you,
You will not this deny,
Yes, what I say is honest truth,
I think I am a truthful youth,
My third's both you and I.

When Julius fell, I believe full well,
My whole was there to see;
And as I give not all his name,
A conspirator I'll say, to be more plain,
Yes of the honorable men was he.

Pittsburg. XELA

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Where the soil is barren and poor,
And the crops are light and small,
My first should be used, I'm sure,
To make the grass grow tall.

My second you have often seen,
Its name you've often heard,
Its use is very great, I ween,
'Tis true, upon my word.

My whole is useful reckoned,
Out of it my first is made;
It forms a class of my second,
'Tis true what I have said.

Pequea, Pa. ALPH

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a curious creature
As ever the earth did tread;
My second is a useful article—
'Tis worn upon the head.

My third is used in tanning,
And is indispensable, 'tis said,
My whole is a noted island
Of which you've often read.

Warren, Vt. HAR

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I bought myself a piece of land in the shape of a feet square. Some place within the compass of my 18 perches from the east corner, 31 perches from south corner, 35 perches from the west corner, a perches from the north corner, is an excellent spri What is the area of the tract?

DANIEL DIEFENBAC

Crotersville, Snyder Co., Pa

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a mumbler like a chrysalis? Ans.—Because it is a kind of grub that makes the butter-fly.

☞ DIVINITY AND PHYSIC.—Why is it easier for a clergyman than a physician? Ans.—Because it is easier to *preach* than to *practice.*

☞ Why is a lady sweetest when she is just out of bed in the morning? Ans.—Because she's just a-

☞ What word is that composed of five letters which, if you take two, one remains? Ans.—Stone

☞ Who was Jove's barber? Ans.—Hyperion, the front of Jove himself.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.—The Betrayal of Sam Delilah. HISTORICAL ENIGMA.—The Engagement of the Wasp with the Frolic. MATHEMATICAL ENIGMA.—Things which are Equal to the Same are Equal to One Another. CHARADE.—Baton. CHARADE.—Henry Clay (Hen-ry-Clay.) CHARADE.—Holmstone. TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM.—200, 280, and 300 perches. ANAGRAM. Toronto. 2. Hamilton. 3. Baton-Rouge. 4. Hanover. 5. Yarmouth.

☞ A sick glutton sent for the doctor. "I have lost my appetite," said he, in a very low voice. "All the better," said the doctor; "you are sure to die if you recover it."